

FREE
OCTOBER 2007

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IN THIS ISSUE...

THE WEAKERTHANS
GOGOL BORDELLO
AN ARMY OF ANIME
THE FLAMING LIPS
SHORTS OF SEAN MACPHERSON
MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO.

PLUS
NARDWAR

20 HOUR 20 YEAR ANNIVERSARY SHOW

ES Lrg *live stock*
PRESENTS:

SATURDAY, OCT. 6th

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WITH
ABSTRACT RUDE
AND
YARAH BRAVO



\$15 adv. at Clubzone.com, Livestock, Zulu, Dipt, Underworld & Beatstreet
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THURS, OCT. 4th

P

PORTISHEAD
DJ SET WITH
ANDY SMITH

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SHINE (364 WATER ST.)

FRIDAY, OCT. 26th

AESOP ROCK

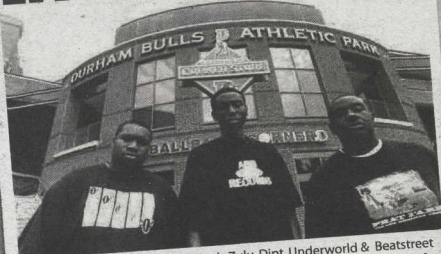


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BLACK MOTH SUPER RAINBOW
BLOCKHEAD WITH DJ SIGNIFY

\$24.50 Adv. at WWW.TICKETMASTER.CA (604-280-4444), Livestock, Zulu & Beatstreet
COMMODORE (870 Granville St)

SUNDAY, NOV. 4th

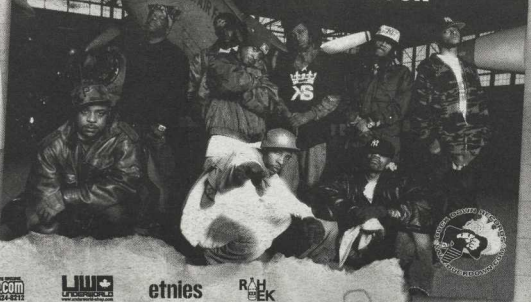
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WITH GUESTS



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clubzone.com

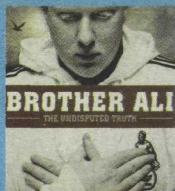
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In concert Oct 4 at the Red Room



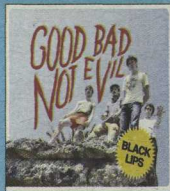
MARTIN SEXTON

Seeds (CD)
In concert Oct 5 at Richard's On Richards



NICK LOWE

At My Age (CD)
In concert Oct 10 at Richard's On Richards



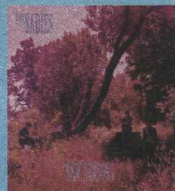
BLACK LIPS

Good Bad Not Evil (CD)
In concert Oct 11 at Richard's On Richards
AND AN IN-STORE PERFORMANCE AT RED CAT!



JOHNOSSI

Johnossi (CD, out Oct 9)
In concert Oct 12 at Richard's On Richards



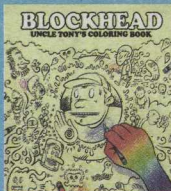
THE SADIES

New Seasons (CD / LP)
In concert Oct 13 at Richard's On Richards
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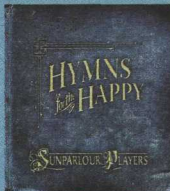
JOHN VANDERSLICE

Emerald City (CD)
In concert Oct 15 at the Red Room



BLOCKHEAD

Uncle Tony's Coloring Book (CD)
In concert Oct 26 at the Commodore Ballroom



SUN PARLOUR PLAYERS

Hymns For The Happy (CD)
In concert Nov 2 at The Place



ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

Strawberry Jam (CD / 2LP)



THE BLAKES

The Blakes (CD, out Oct 9)



BEIRUT

The Flying Club Cup (CD, out Oct 9)



TWO GALLANTS

Two Gallants (CD / LP)



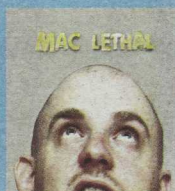
GEORGIE JAMES

Places (CD / LP)



CASS MCCOMBS

Dropping The Writ (CD / LP, out Oct 9)



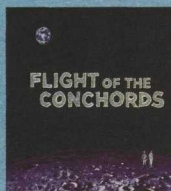
MAC LETHAL

11:11 (CD / 2LP, out Oct 9)



BAND OF HORSES

Cease To Begin (CD / LP, out Oct 9)



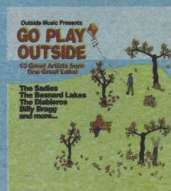
FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS

The Hysterical Future (CD/EP)



ROBERT WYATT

Comicoopera (CD / 2LP, out Oct 9)



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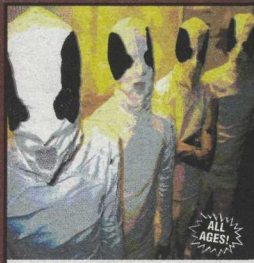
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FROM VICTORIA

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OCTOBER 9

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www.fujiya-miyagi.ca



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FROM AUSTRALIA

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 12

THE MEDIA CLUB

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WITH GUESTS

APOLLO SUNSHINE

AND THE HIGH STRUNG

OCTOBER 16

THE MEDIA CLUB



AKRON / FAMILY



with guests The Dodos
OCTOBER 18
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

www.thedodos.com



Sea Wolf

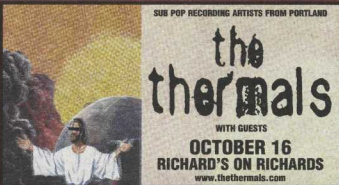
SEAWOLF RECORDING ARTISTS FROM LEO ANGELES

WITH GUESTS

THE MEDIA CLUB

OCTOBER 7

THE MEDIA CLUB



the thermals

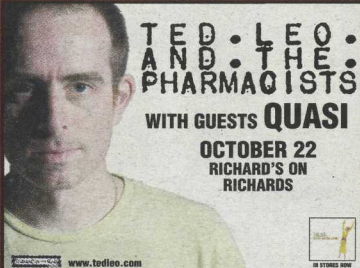
SUN POP RECORDING ARTISTS FROM PORTLAND

WITH GUESTS

OCTOBER 16

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

www.thethermals.com



TED LEO AND THE PHARMACISTS

WITH GUESTS QUASI

OCTOBER 22

RICHARD'S ON

RICHARDS

www.tedleo.com



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WITH GUESTS

MOBIUS BAND

OCTOBER 21

THE MEDIA CLUB

www.matthedeard.com



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WITH GUESTS

JOHNNY AND THE MOON

AND

MAGIC WEAPON

(FROM BURLIN)

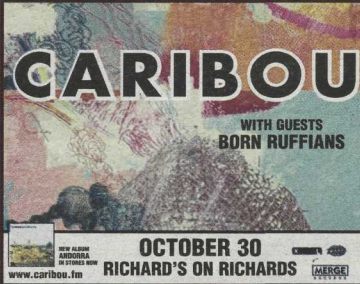
OCTOBER 25

Plaza



OCTOBER 24 - RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

TICKETS ALSO AT SCRAP



CARIBOU

WITH GUESTS

BORN RUFFIANS

OCTOBER 30

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

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THE WALKMEN

WITH GUESTS

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 16
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



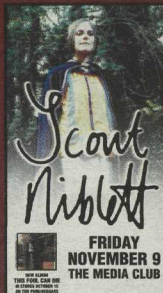
THE OCTOPUS PROJECT

FROM AUSTIN, TX
WITH GUESTS



NOVEMBER 6
THE MEDIA CLUB

www.theoctopusproject.com



NOVEMBER 9
THE MEDIA CLUB

LES SAVY FAV

WITH GUESTS

SATURDAY
DECEMBER 1
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

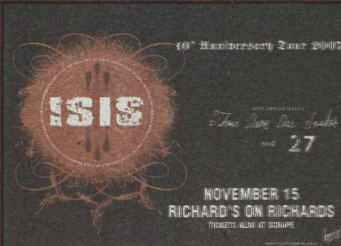


www.lesnavyfav.com



annuals
and
Manchester Orchestra
SUNDAY
NOVEMBER 11
www.manchesterorchestra.com

THE Plaza
CLUB



NOVEMBER 15
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

TICKETS: \$100 AT SCRATCH

CELEBRATION

WITH GUESTS
KILL ME TOMORROW
NOVEMBER 14



new album
THE BROKEN THING
is coming October 10th
www.dovecelebrationrecords.com

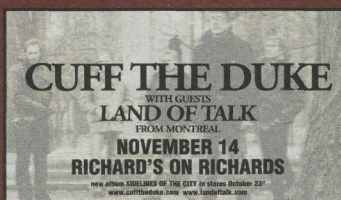


SCRATCH RECORDS
20TH ANNIVERSARY
DESTROYER
VOTE ROBOT
PINK MOUNTAINTOPS
RIFF RANDELLS DUSTIN COLE
HILARITY! AND SPECIAL GUESTS
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
www.scratchrecords.com www.mergerecords.com www.jugogear.com



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with my/gay/husband!
Tyler Fedchuk, Tony X, and MC Curtis Santiago
FRIDAY DECEMBER 7 - RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

www.shoutoutoutout.com



CUFF THE DUKE
WITH GUESTS
LAND OF TALK
FROM MONTREAL
NOVEMBER 14
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

new album SQUEAKS OF THE CITY in stores October 25th
www.cufftheduke.com www.landoftalk.com

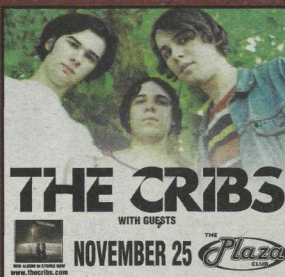


MOVING UNITS
now album HEXES FOR EXES in stores October 9th
VHS ORBETA
NOVEMBER 28
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
www.myspace.com/movingunits www.vhsorbeta.com



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COMMODORE BALLROOM

EVENING SHOW
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MIDNIGHT
SHOW



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WITH GUESTS
NOVEMBER 25
THE Plaza
CLUB

www.thecribs.com



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WITH GUESTS
SATURDAY DECEMBER 8
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

SOLD OUT!
THE NATIONAL
OCTOBER 3
COMMODORE BALLROOM

SOLD OUT!
JUSTICE
OCTOBER 13
COMMODORE BALLROOM

SOLD OUT!
FINAL FANTASY
OCTOBER 20
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

SOLD OUT!
BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE
OCTOBER 25
COMMODORE BALLROOM

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BLACK LIPS



GOOD BAD NOT EVIL
WITH
VANCOUGER
AND GUESTS **SUN ARISE**
OCTOBER 11
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, STATION, AND BIG CAT

MATT ROND PA



OCTOBER 11
Plaza
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

Deterium



FRIDAY OCTOBER 12
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

SHOUT OUT LOUDS LIVE



FRIDAY OCTOBER 12
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

Dropkick Murphys



NOVEMBER 6
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

PATRICK WOLF



FRIDAY OCTOBER 12
Plaza
EARLY SHOW
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLINE

BAT FOR LASHES



with special guest **Chris Chavez**
SATURDAY OCTOBER 13
Plaza
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND BIG CAT EARLY SHOW: 8:00PM

ARCH ENEMY



10th Anniversary Bash
sunday, october 14, 2007
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

DJ KRUSH



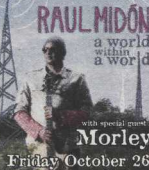
OCTOBER 24
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

JUSTIN VERDUCE



FRIDAY OCTOBER 26
THE MEDIA CLUB
EARLY SHOW: 8:30PM

RAUL MIDON



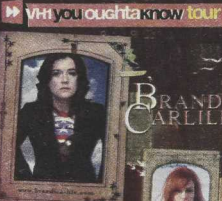
a world within a world
with special guest **Morley**
Friday October 26
The Plaza Club
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

Sia



with special guest **Willoughby**
October 29
The Media Club
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

WHY YOU OUGHTA KNOW TOUR



BRANDI CARLILE
SATURDAY OCTOBER 27
COMMODORE BALLROOM
EARLY SHOW: 8:00PM

MIA KALA



November 14
Commodore Ballroom
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLINE

the Pipettes



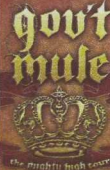
WE ARE THE PIPTETTES
THE LADYBUG TRANSISTOR MONSTER ROBBY
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3
Plaza
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

THE WATERBOYS



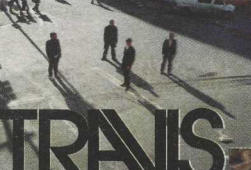
GREAT AUNT IDA
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLINE

gov't mule



the mighty high cover
November 15
Commodore Ballroom
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, HIGHLINE, AND BIG CAT

TRANSIS



MAXIMO PARK
friday november 16
the centre for performing arts

tori amos



December 5
Orpheum Theatre

FRIDAY DECEMBER 14
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE
TICKETS ALSO AT SCAPE

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OCTOBER 2007

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STUDENT RADIO SOCIETY

OF UBC

COVER BY COLE JOHNSTON

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The Weakerthans

As they begin touring on their newest album, *Reunion Tour*, Winnipeg's favourite musical sons have established themselves not only as a touring juggernaut, but as an activist force, too. 22

the Gentle Art of Editing

Wow, there's so much going on here at CITR over the next couple of months that it's time to batter down the figurative hatches and stay tuned to the station for further details—much in the same way we've recently had to prepare for those inevitable fall storms (it's still just fall, right?) in my West End neighbourhood.

Not only is CITR in the middle of celebrating its 25th year on the FM airwaves, but it's doing so by rolling out the banner on its biggest fundraising effort in its history. The second annual CITR Funding Drive will begin on Monday, Oct. 1, at 8 a.m. and go for an unprecedented two weeks, ending at 11:55 p.m. on Sunday, Oct. 14. The goal is to raise \$20,000 to do such things as buy new broadcast equipment, add more production training and editing studios, get a new high-powered server for hosting the popular podcasting service, upgrade and renovate the production facilities, buy remote equipment for the sports department and, of course, repair and renovate the main on-air studio. This all comes so CITR can continue to improve the quality and types of programming you have come to rely on the station for. You can pledge during your favourite show, or really any show, by calling 604-822-8648. Go to citr.ca/donate.php for more details and help keep CITR on the air for another 25 years.

Also, every year at about this time, the CITR sports crew begin their slate of live UBC Thunderbirds broadcasts. Check citr.ca/sports.php for the full T-Birds on CITR broadcast schedule.

On Tuesday, Oct. 2, head to UBC's Pit Pub to check out another CITR first: That DJ Competition from CITR. The station has taken entries from some of Vancouver best amateur or undiscovered turntablists, and narrowed it down to the eight best, and will give them a quarter of an hour each to prove their talent. There will be cheap cover, a liquid-refreshment special (two bones each) and over two hours of solid entertainment. Not to mention the chance to possibly see Vancouver's

next hot live DJ. It's kind of like CITR's Shindig! for turntablists.

Speaking of CITR's Shindig!, the station is right in the thick of it. Action on Tuesday nights at the Railway Club began on Sept. 11 and continues for 13 weeks, until early December. Congratulations go to the SSRIs, Retrofire and Stolen Bicycles Gang for winning Shindig! weeks one through three, respectively. This month be on the lookout for five weeks of real live Shindig! action this month—are we blessed, or what? See shindig.citr.ca for all the skinny.

There are also things going on here at Disorder. Namely, we say goodbye to Cheyenne Turios as our Under Review Editor and Production Manager. I thank her for her dedication and service to this publication during her time here. In turn, I extend a hearty welcome to Pyra Draculea, the creator of our new monthly comic, *Zamo the Destroyer*, as our new Production Manager. Anyone interested in helping out with production of Disorder may contact her at production.disorder@gmail.com.

Finally, I end this off on a slightly sombre note, as this will be my last issue of Disorder Magazine in the role of Editor. My life has taken a drastic change in direction, no longer allowing me to dedicate the time or attention that is required to bring each issue of Disorder to fruition. I've always wanted to use the word 'fruition' in a column. It is my hope that my replacement will continue to bring you the best in CITR-based content you have become accustomed to, of late. Anyone interested in going out for the Editor or Under Review Editor position should email Lydia, CITR's station manager, at citrmgr@ams.ubc.ca for further details.

It's been a slice, see you in the funny pages.

-Mike "Spike" Chilton

BETTER FRIENDS THAN LOVERS

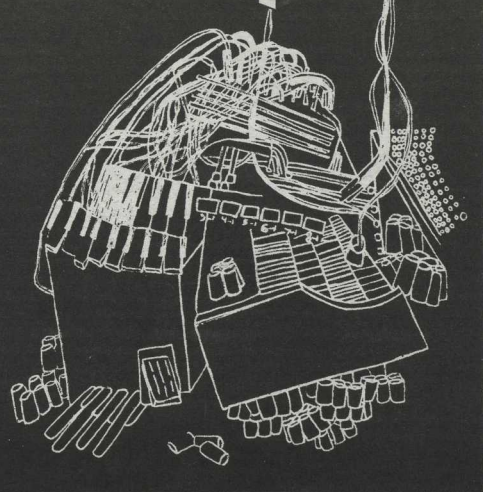
"Great Loves"

OCTOBER 02 2007

www.betterfriendsthanlovers.ca
www.globalsymphonic.com



GLOBAL SYNCHRONIC



HANGING WITH THE

ARMY OF ANIME



WORDS AND
IMAGES
BY

maxwell maxwell



Uwe Boll is something of a genius, in a slightly twisted way. He makes films out of popular video games which are then released to a wide audience and almost-certain commercial and critical failure. If you've seen posters for *BloodRayne*, *Postal*, *Alone in the Dark*, or *House of the Dead*, you've probably got the general idea: Boll takes a mildly popular game (*BloodRayne II*, for instance), changes the plot around until it can fill an hour and a half (turning *BloodRayne II* into a vampire western, for instance), and then the movie almost inevitably fails.

Why, then, is Uwe Boll able to make more films? After so many of his movies have bombed so horribly, why would people keep investing in them? The answer lies in a strange loophole in the tax laws of Boll's native Germany. Investment in German film production companies is rewarded with lavish tax breaks by the government. Even better, corporations can loan Boll's company money, invest it while it's borrowed, and pay no taxes on anything but the film's profits. If the film is a bomb, obviously, the companies need not pay taxes.

Boll's unique business model is taken, more or less, from *The Producers*. As long as his movies bomb, his investors make money. Seeing Boll in person, however, it becomes clear that the financial aspect of his movies is not his main concern: the man is clearly passionate about the films he makes to the point of obsession. The audience here shares his passion, both for video games and the films Boll makes from them. Then again, they're not exactly an average audience: I'm sitting in the middle of Anime Evolution 2007, one of British Columbia's biggest anime conventions.

The hundred or so people attending Boll's discussion panel are, for the most part, dressed like they're at a Halloween party instead. People are emulating their favorite video game or anime character to varying degrees of success. Sometimes they're a little cheap and silly-looking, and sometimes they seem to have spent huge amounts of time and money to produce a disturbingly high-quality costume, but they're all having a good time. Near the front a group of boys are wearing matching black suits and afros. I found out later they were from 4chan.org, a Web forum responsible not only for the popular "O RL?" owl, but also for the barrage of sensationalist television coverage which occurred

after members jokingly threatened to blow up several NFL stadiums. Fox News referred to them as an "internet hate machine". They're pudgy, cheerful, and mostly in their late teens.

Outside Boll's discussion panel, I find a boy sitting next to a bizarre Japanese arcade game, wearing a huge red trench-coat, bondage pants, and elaborate leather cuffs. He's playing a Game Boy and ignoring the thousands of people wandering the halls of SFU in equally outrageous costumes. I introduce myself since he looks bored and most of the people with really amazing costumes are too busy to interview. I've never heard of the person he was supposed to be dressing as, and so can't make an objective judgment as to the accuracy of his costume, but I compliment him anyway. Making friends here will require some stretching of the truth, as the only anime I've seen are Hayao Miyazaki movies (*Spirited Away*, and so on). "Yes," I tell him, "the similarity is amazing." I cannot remember what the name of the character or the show was, but it seems best to feign understanding and smile.

Moments later, his brother walks out of the panel with what looks like his girlfriend. I'm surprised to see that the girl is not only wearing an elaborate costume, she's also surprisingly pretty. I strike up a conversation with her, and she's charming. I'd expected the convention to be full of nerds and social outcasts (I felt I'd fit in well—although I don't run Linux or have episodes of *Star Trek* memorized, I do prefer reading books to getting blasted at keggers), but a lot of the people I meet here seem like they'd fit in fine at a sorority or a soccer team. I'm a little weirded out and seek the safety of my own kind.

Past the screening rooms, gaming rooms, and vast array of people selling Pocky, there's a stage outdoors. I have no idea what's going on, but a Japanese woman starts singing and several more behind her are shuffling to the rhythm and clapping their hands. One of them isn't Japanese, or a woman at all: he's a white guy, blonde and handsome, in a cheap-looking wig that is falling off his head and a glittering schoolgirl outfit. He's a full head taller than any of them, and not making much effort to pass as a woman, but he's having an amazing time. So is everybody else: it doesn't matter if they look ridiculous, they're happy.

Maybe they've got the right idea.

OCT
31

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I, Nardwuar the Human Serviette, hate math, but I love numbers! Especially the digits that come together to create 1986, the year I entered the University of British Columbia. I guess to some, I only lasted in 'proper' university for two days. Proper university? That, to me, is like going to class, studying and doing nothing else. No, I am not a dropout. I graduated from UBC in the fall of 1990 with a BA in Canadian History. What happened to me? Well, let's lay the blame on the bands UB40 and the Fine Young Cannibals!

On my second day of university, they played UBC's War Memorial Gymnasium. Before the gig, my buddies and I wanted to get wasted. Being 18 and all, it wasn't going to happen in the student pub; however, maybe it would happen at the beer garden being hosted by CiTR FM 101.9, UBC Radio. So, with the promise of the 'olde ale,' we wandered into the Student Union Building's 'party room' for CiTR's 'Brews-cast.' Needless to say, I was served, no problem. Except there was just one hitch: I was pressured into joining the station. Well, not exactly pressured, but encouraged to join possibly the greatest radio station in the world! Me? A teenage zit loser? Yes! All the training would be provided and I didn't just have to be a DJ. I could do news, sports, arts, mobile sound DJing, production, or write for the station's program guide, *Discorder*. Or I could even do as little as eat my lunch in the CiTR lounge. There were so many or's! The fine folks at CiTR then gave me a membership form and told me to bring it back the next day. And that day was my third day of university! And that is when it all changed: I joined CiTR!

I think it's the greatest thing I've ever done in my life! Hell, it is my life!

I ate lunch in the CiTR Lounge for a year before I got a radio show in 1987. But there was no rush. Little did I know that through CiTR, I would be able to interview everyone from Mikhail Gorbachev to Kurt Cobain, from Dan Quayle to Courtney Love, from Timothy Leary to Ron Jeremy, from Iggy Pop to Jean Chretien, from Snoop Doggy Dogg to Mr. Plow and from James Brown to Reeven. All this through a campus station—not some top-40 lame-ass joint! Aside from the 'journalistic' part, through CiTR I have also met the nicest, warmest, kindest people. Punks, poets, preachers, pornstars, yeah, yeah, yeah! Now it is time for you to do the math, dear readers. If a dweeb like me can still be hooked on some campus club after 20 years, there must be something stupid going on. Like you reading this! Baboom! Now go out and join CiTR! Everyone is welcome.

nardwuar

the Human Serviette

radio show 20th anniversary interview marathon

AIRS 9 P.M. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, TO 5 P.M. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Nardwuar will be celebrating the 20th Anniversary of his radio show (1987-2007) on CiTR with a 20-hour live-on-air Nardwuar interview marathon, starting at 9 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 1, and ending at 5 p.m. Friday, November 2.

Later on that evening, on Nov. 2, there will be a special all-ages anniversary gig with Nardwuar's band, the Evaporators, along with the Pack and others at the Sub Ballroom.

Also, on Nov. 6, Nardwuar will be releasing a new 2-disc DVD of interviews from his radio show and public access specials called *Welcome to My Castle*. Plus, Nov. 6 also marks the release date of the Evaporators' new CD/LP, *Gassy Jack and Other Tales*.

More info at www.nardwuar.com





Interviews to be aired during Nardwuar's 20-Hour Marathon include:

Al Goldstein
Alice Cooper
Anthony Robbins
Beck
Bill Kaysing
Blur
Corey Feldman
Courtney Love
Crispin Glover
Cythnia Plaster Caster
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David Cross
Death Sentence
Degraasi Kids
DOA
Echo and the Bunnymen
Elijah Wood

Ernest Angley
Fugazi
Gerald Ford
GWAR
Harland Ellison
Henry Rollins
Ice Cube
Ice T
Iggy Pop
James Brown
Jean Chretien
Jello Biafra
Lil' the Pole
Lydia Lunch
Maestro Fres Wes
Metal Groupie
Michael Moore

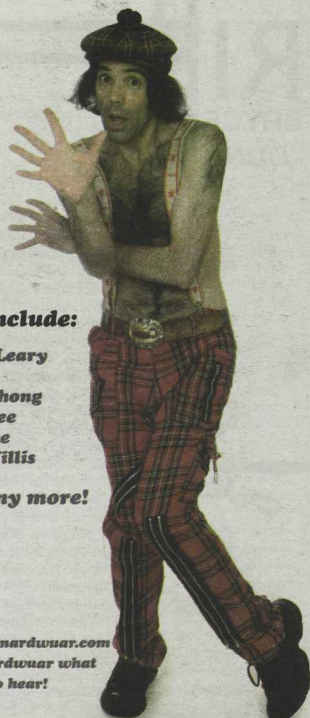
Mickey Dolenz
Mikhail Gorbachev
NegativLand
Nina Hagen
Nirvana
Oliver Stone
Paul Gallagher
Pierre Berton
Pointed Sticks
Rheostatics
Robert Anton Wilson
Ron Jeremy
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RIFF
BRYCE
DUNN

Welcome everyone to yet another tale of epic vinyl adventure, courtesy of yours truly. As the hours of sunlight become increasingly short, the leaves begin to fall and the air becomes crisp and the chance to tear up the asphalt on your board becomes a precious commodity. But if you're the **China Creeps**, you find a way to sidewalk surf and carve the most famed piece of concrete in the Vancouver landscape any time and in any season. This dedication to the popular skate spot of China Creek inspired their moniker and the title to their fresh-as-the-skinned-knees-from-a-bowl-bombing-session self-titled EP, which made its way onto my desk. Intended as a vivid reminder of the spoils of such a workout, a ragged piece of duct tape was glued to the cover to symbolically christen the workout of musical muscle contained on the six tracks within. Music this fast, uncompromising and full of adrenalin makes for punk that both rocks and rolls like the wheels of fire burning underneath these dudes. For those who missed **S.T.R.E.E.T.S.** and their brethren the first time around: check out this release. Bonus points for tackling one of the best skating songs of all time, **Beyond Possession's** "Skater's Life." (No address given, only 300 pressed, so act fast.)

There's been a shift in the scene that has been bubbling up as of late where a lot of bands seem to be conveniently discovering No Wave (made somewhat famous in New York during the late '70s and early '80s with bands like **Teenage Jesus and the Jerks**, **James Chance and the Contortions** and other like-minded outfits) to the effect that it has become a bit too overwhelming for this writer to handle. Not to say it's all bad—you just to wonder when is it going to end? Better yet, how did it begin? Seemingly at the forefront of this 'movement' is the **Mutators**, three purveyors of pure musical mayhem that have laid down 'songs,' which may be bereft of melody and certain other qualities made available in popular music, but which do contain admirable structures that resemble tempo shifts, volume changes and 'singing.' Oh, what the hell—enough of the shop talk, let's get to the real deal: these guys and gal bring the noise and then some. Not for the squeamish but definitely for the experimental crowds. There's so much happening on these three tracks that I couldn't even decide if it sounded better on 45 or 45 r.p.m. Live, I hear they are a clusterfuck of cacophony (trademark that, Sam Sullivan!), but the kids, they dig it. Kudos to a local label for plugging in and turning us on to these crazy tunesmiths (the Broadway To Boundary Records, myspace.com/thebroadwaytoboundary).

To end this edition, two meaty morsels from Sweet Rot Records: a posthumous EP from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, punks the **Catholic Boys**, and a current slab for the unusually named **Blank Dogs**. The former are no little angels and would rather piss in the Holy Grail than drink from it. Plus, from the four tracks on their final release, it sounds like their meds are running low, as the vocals have been through a steady diet of bourbon and barbed wire, the guitars are razor sharp and bands barely keeping up with it all. Fans of **Crime**, **Angry Samoans** and **A.D.D.** will like it. The latter band is a mysterious synth-post punk duo from points unknown who conjure the spirits of **Sparks** and the **Spits** in tracks like "Doorbell Fire" and "Outside Alarmer." Robotic without sounding monotonous, quirky without sounding campy, they've caught the ear of a few labels already, the most noteworthy being heavyweights In the Red Records, which plans to release an album's worth of **Blank Dogs'** material in the coming months. For the now and the curious, check this single out (Sweet Rot Records, P.O. Box 78025 Vancouver BC Canada V5N 5W1).

Sayonara, sweethearts! To be continued... **D**

AMS
EVENTS

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07
fall Schedule

K'NAAN

Fri at the Pit Pub
Oct. 12

Trailer Park Boys
RANDY + MR. LAHEY
at the Pit Pub
Thurs Oct 18

FINAL
FANTASY
with
GREAT LAKE
SWIMMERS
Sat
Oct. 20

SEALED WITH A KISS
PRESENTS
Russian Futurists
at the Pit Pub
Tues Oct. 23



Textually Reviewed

Hitch
Matthew Holmes
[Nightwood Editions]

Hitch is an appropriate title for Matthew Holmes's debut collection of poetry, his words securely knotting us to characters and the smallest moments. His ropes connect five seemingly unrelated sections, each introduced by a Morse-code image of one of the five letters in the word *Hitch*: "I. A Science Everyday," "II. Before Others Are There," "III. Green Tomatoes," "IV. Coal Smoke Dreams" and "V. Hitch," which read like individual chapbooks tied together to form a book.

The bulk of "I. A Science Everyday" are prose poems about various scientists who Holmes makes human through a series of eccentric details. "II. Before Others Are There" and "III. Green Tomatoes" read, at times, like a well-edited poetry journal, with poems using simple

experiences to portray a broader understanding of relationships and what it is to be human. It's in these sections that Holmes masters the love poem with such lines as, "How I find you in others how I want them/for you." The book is dedicated to a woman named Beth, and the third section contains simple yet moving love poems like "To Beth, Sleeping" and "Beth Seeking Poems." In this section, he also proves his flexibility by writing about appliances and using comedy to address dust bunnies, as well as a man named Paul who stole his boots one winter night. "IV. Coal Smoke Dreams" depicts observations of everything from birds to seasons, using often overlooked details to reveal them anew. The final section, "V. Hitch," is the most stylistically innovative, with short poems prompted by images of knots. Here Holmes plays with the rhythm and nuance of language, using backslash caesuras to create a tangled rope effect as in, "So we go/together/untying/but tying/untying/a chain/loving and drinking and loving/again."

Despite this being his first book, it's no surprise that Holmes has an impressive resume. *Hitch* demonstrates not only his ability to write in a range of tones and styles, but also his talent for finding beauty in untying what it is to love and be loved.

Tracy Ann Stefanucci

Delible
Anne Stone
[Independent]

When a person goes missing, there is always the question of how they went missing. A myriad of possibilities suggest themselves as answers—the person got lost in an avalanche, the person was kidnapped, the person went on vacation without notifying anyone or the person ran away from home—and the investigators must go to loved ones to weed out the possibilities.

Fifteen-year-old Lora's sister, Mel, has gone missing. Police come to Lora and her mother, Karin, for answers. They are sensitive to the situation, but still rely on assumptions and stereotypes to solve the case. As they discover Mel's past runaway attempts, and her one drug-overdosing suicide attempt, they become convinced that Mel has run away from home. Lora knows that there was foul play involved—her sister was not abandoning home this time. Still, the world does not gasp and react with outrage when a missing girl printed on a poster has a face of lost innocence and mischief.

This story belongs to a small family: Lora, her mother Karin and her grandmother Celia. From each woman's perspective we, the readers, get to experience the heartache of a lost family member. The author, Anne Stone, reveals the hole that is left behind by Mel. The family's grief is expressed with a sort of passive passion. Stone never relies on gore or dramatic, tear-strewn scenes to intrigue the reader. Instead, the reader is bound to the book by its honesty.

The sensation of reading this is much like people-watching. One can pick up or put down the book at any point because it doesn't move forwards with an introduction, rising action and climax. Rather, the story moves back and forth in time without a sense of order. I would not recommend *Delible* to those looking for action, fantasy or the extraordinary, but for those looking for a thoughtful and sensitive book. A bonus is that the author is a Vancouverite, like you and me.

Lillian Yang

Suburban Pornography

Matthew Firth
[Anvil Press]

The ghosts of Charles Bukowski and Hubert Selby, Jr. lurk in Matthew Firth's new short story collection. Even the sparse prose-style of Raymond Carver materializes in passages of matter-of-fact description where the seemingly minute incidents of existence become indelible. These influences may be common currency to an author who casts an unflinching eye on the lurid margins of life, the poverty stricken and the ever-widening gap between expectation and reality, but the authenticity of the content soon diminishes any prejudices based on the familiarity of a writing style. There's more to Matthew Firth than being a new version of Bukowski transposed to the cold of a Canadian metropolis.

In *Suburban Pornography*, characters struggle to exist in challenging social conditions, in ruined familial, social and sexual relationships and often seek emancipation through satiating their basest desires. "The Summer of No Love" describes the cruelty of an abusive relationship with a mentally disturbed woman, and "Smooth with the Ladies" depicts an evening of sexual pursuits that ends in humiliating violence. Throughout the novel, sex is the realm of the cruel, the sordid and the disappointed, which figuratively portrays a larger world that is just as cruel, sordid and disappointing.

Despite an unwavering graphical depiction of degenerative and desperate situations, Firth frequently places his characters at a dispassionate distance from the world they survey. They are mostly impotent chroniclers, watching their own and other people's tawdry lives with a mustering of cold indifference. In this collection, men stare at naked women through their living room windows, view copulating suburban neighbours in their homes or catch bus drivers receiving the services of a haggard prostitute. These voyeurs witness the not-so-private lives of others and the tragic circumstances behind them. From the ten-year-old who observes an occupied house burning down in "August, 1974" to the homeless shelter worker who documents its assorted patrons in "The Centre," most characters in *Suburban Pornography* keep a cool physical or emotional distance. The narrator in "Everybody Loses," who is affected by an unfolding public accident, puts it this way: "Someone somewhere always strings us along, keeps us hanging on. But I'm an interloper so I say nothing..."

Fortunately, *Suburban Pornography* is not a forum for dry social criticism dressed up as fiction to be told from a safe distance. For all of Firth's character displacement, these tales create a genuine world of despondency, where people are burdened by their dumb jobs, alienated by their personal relationships and suffocated by their unrealized dreams. "Shelia Crawford Sucks Cocks" once again details a voyeur, this time an adolescent, who notices the local girls, not much older than him, offering backstreet sexual services. Although the teenager is never involved with what he sees, the first-person narration perfectly transcribes the child's feelings of alienation and longing as he wrestles with his own unfulfilled sexual desire. In "Giants," a long-distance driver illustrates his vulnerability by describing a group of giants that enter a hole in his body. More often than not an implicit inner territory of anguish is revealed, even when what is described isn't very real at all. Firth reliably conveys a dejected voice, not so much in conflict with a harsh and volatile milieu, but one that is struggling to accept the apparent frailty of existence. These stories deliver an authentic retelling of lived-in worlds full of wayward compulsions and engulfing dead ends, whether inspected by a detached and unflinching gaze or experienced through a character's internal but unacknowledged suffering. *Suburban Pornography* surpasses a generic understanding of a tell-it-like-it-is literary form, born from American 20th century fiction, and delivers a unique Canadian voice offering a universal reflection of troubled humanity. **D**

Christian Martius



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The Short Films of Sean MacPherson



Words by Nick Pannu



Images by Sean MacPherson

Lights, camera, action. Movie sets, flashing strobe lights and roadblocks have become almost as permanent fixture in Vancouver as the mountains surrounding the city. So much a part of the landscape have they become that Vancouver is often labeled 'the Hollywood of the North.' Yet, if one is to venture outside the context of corporate media and film, a new frontier can be discovered: the realm of independent movies. In seeking out this entity one can find venues such as the Fifth Avenue Cinemas, Pacific Cinematheque and Vancity Theatre, which showcase mostly—and sometimes exclusively—indie film. Around town, in cafes and post-secondary campuses, small-budget indie entrepreneurs can also be spotted shooting scenes in crooks and crannies. There is little glitz and glamour for these filmmakers. Recognition and hopes of ultimate fame are not the major reasons behind their struggles. Indie film makers have passion and a specific premise for what they are doing. According to local indie writer/director Sean MacPherson, "Although it is the hardest road I decided to take, there is no way to describe the feeling of giving birth to ideas for a film."

This past summer, on July 31, Sean MacPherson screened three short films: *Mannequin Romance Novel*, *Unicorn Ragazo* and *Marion Bigsby: Prince of Darkness* at Pacific Cinematheque. The films were only about 30 minutes each, but the process of making the films took over a year. MacPherson wrote the first script for *Mannequin Romance Novel* over the course of a month, while working nights at a drop-in centre in Calgary. He admits that preparing these films was one of the toughest undertakings and challenges he ever dealt with. Getting the money for the project and then booking the location took some time. MacPherson confessed the irony of disclosing to others that you have a very small budget has its perks: "When people realize that you don't have a lot of money, they are willing to help out." Many businesses along Main Street helped out with the pivotal scenes of his first film, *Mannequin Romance Novel*, where various scenes were shot in cafes and clothing stores.

Moreover, having a tight budget often coerces filmmakers to bear the burden of wearing many hats during production. MacPherson not only wrote, directed and produced all three films, but also starred in the first two. According to MacPherson, multitasking for the many positions requires that you "have faith in every decision you're making." Characters have to be found on the spot because of the time constraint. Several approaches can be taken to find actors; for example, ads can be put in the paper. Around the Lower Mainland, there are also several agencies to help find actors. MacPherson was fortunate to find child actors for his film, *Marion Bigsby*, from a talent agency in Surrey. Quite a few actors were found shortly before production started, but everyone managed to get into character and perform.

In spite of the many challenges, MacPherson confesses the rewards are ultimately reaped once the films are completed. "There is a sense of gratitude for family and friends who supported each stage of production, and are finally able to see the end product." Also, being able to initiate the thought processes within audience members is rewarding. MacPherson took an open-ended approach in his writing. Props, scenes and characters constructed implied themes that allowed the audience to derive their own meanings.

Mannequin Romance Novel, *Unicorn Ragazo* and *Marion Bigsby: Prince of Darkness* screened on July 31 and Aug. 14. For information on screenings contact Sean MacPherson at winterpictures@gmail.com. There is also a webpage for *Mannequin Romance Novel* at www.myspace.com/mannequinromance. **D**



SUITE ONE

SOMEWHERE IN THE WOODS, BY POSSIBLY A CABIN: ARTHUR KRUMINS THE ORIGINS OF LIGHTNING DUST

PHOTO BY LOLLI YANG



PHOTO BY ARTHUR KRUMINS

"I think when we started the project, we just wanted to do something that was sort of dreary, kinda dark. Sort of like the dark side of our personalities. Or the dark side of our writing." —Amber Webber on the Lightning Dust vision.

I'm out to a show by myself. I haven't gone solo to one in a while, but every so often, something like Lightning Dust comes along that I can't resist. The narrative of the songs draw me in while I marvel at the originality of the music being played. The interplay between the keyboard and guitar, along with the harmonies, flies and hangs in peaks and valleys. Thunderous applause, and I head out to East Hastings to catch a bus home, feeling the wonderful thing I feel when I've seen a truly great show.

A far more prosaic and day-to-day scene happens a few weeks later when I get to interview lead singer Amber Webber, who doubles as the second vocalist for Black Mountain and who has a guest spot on the new Cave Singers LP due out on Matador.

As she remains humble about her musical beginnings, Webber recalls listening to Van Morrison and Neil Diamond growing up, and her mother's devotion to Janis Joplin: "Every morning it was cranked to 'Me and Bobby McGee.'" Amber "sang in a few choirs in high school and stuff like that," she says and offers me a beer as we chat on the couch in her East Van apartment. I look up at the shelves and shelves of old LPs in her place. Musical stuff fills the room we're in. There's a keyboard, and guitars on stands around the room.

"Josh and I obviously play in Black Mountain together and we were writing songs that really weren't suiting Black Mountain. We actually wrote five songs and put 'em on a CD for all of our friends and some relatives and stuff for Christmas in 2005. Then we played a few art shows and we had a lot of fun doing that, so we just kept on writing songs, and we had enough songs for an album. Jagjaguwar had the Christmas CD and they were stoked on it. When we said we were recording a full-length album, they were interested in putting it out. Mostly Josh and I recorded that. We just did it ourselves in our house and our practice spot and mixed it at the Hive. We did the instrumentation by ourselves, except for Cris Derkson, who did cello on it."

So far, Lightning Dust has played half a dozen local shows and has gone on a two week tour with kindred spirits, the Cave Singers. When asked about the Cave Singers, Webber says she "loved them instantly" when she heard some songs they

had sent her. They are friends of mutual friends in Seattle, and because they share a booking agent, scheduling a tour together came about easily. Black Mountain is also taking the Cave Singers with them to multiple dates on their current tour.

Webber is happy with how the Pat's Pub show went that night, when they played with their full line-up, including her sister, Ashley, and Peters from Ladyhawk. She explains the virtue of having Ladyhawk's drummer: "He adds a lot 'cause it's hard to play such mellow music live, you know, and get it across without people just chit-chatting and all that kind of stuff."

Was it always called Lightning Dust?

"Josh and I took a vacation to Toronto to visit friends and family and we were partying all night and we came up with these ridiculous names. And it's two of the words I guess that just stuck with us because I'm trying to work 'lightning' into something and 'dust' into something, and so we just collaborated the two."

So does Webber think their name describes the band's music very well?

"Sure. I mean, fuck, names are hard, you know? Because you just think people are going to think too much about it. We just thought it was like a good memory: the name, coming up with it and just laughing about it and just having a good time. We thought that was more important: when you think of that name, think of that time."

Since Black Mountain has become a touring machine, there won't be too many Lightning Dust shows soon in Vancouver. However, Webber and Wells already have four to five songs together for their next record and plan to record it eventually when they get the time. Webber vents her mixed feelings about going on the road again: "My whole life for the next year is seriously booked. It's cool to know what you're doing but in a way, there's no room for anything else because of Black Mountain. I totally prepared my mind for that kind of stuff because it's really important and I have a lot of fun touring. But at the same time, I wish there were just four months of the year I could squeeze in some Lightning Dust stuff. It's good to give it a fair shot: people can have your album, but there's nothing like a live show."

Check out Amber and Josh live with Black Mountain on November 3rd at Richard's on Richards as part of Scratch Records' 20th Anniversary party. **D**

VANCOUVER SPECIAL DUPLX

SUITE DEUX
BY THE MOHAWK LODGE:
COME AND STAY AWHILE
LOLLI YANG

"Please state your name, instrument and favourite thing about yourself." Like any self-respecting group of free-spirited people, the guys of the Mohawk Lodge did not answer in the order of their seating arrangements, or according to my expectations.

"Ryder, guitar and vocals...it would definitely be my feet," offered the lead singer.

"Arch, guitar, my muscular physique." The guys laughed good-naturedly, acknowledging that Arch has an average build but is by no means musclebound.

"Paul, bass, my iron stomach." Again, an explosion of laughter that was loud enough to disorient me.

"Rob, drums, I'm ambitious." I was caught off guard by his earnest answer. There's also a third guitarist in the band, Corey Price, but he wasn't there.

With that, I had a good idea of their group dynamic. Ryder Havdale is the leader. He answers questions first and is the founder of the band's record label, White Whale Records. Sporting a mustache and a trucker hat is Arch, the funny guy. He chooses to keep his last name a secret, even on their MySpace page. Paul Goertzen is the quiet one, only uttering a few words when prompted. Lastly, Rob Josephson is the calm and attentive member, never losing his cool. Together, they form an easygoing band of friends that laugh hard and rock harder.

The Mohawk Lodge guys were the closing act at UBC's first-week concert event in September, also featuring the youthful Copilot DJ and the electrifying In Medias Res. As we spoke, Copilot DJ was on stage downstairs, so I asked how they feel before going in front of a crowd. In his jovial manner, Havdale quickly answered, "wasted," but retracted his answer as a joke and admitted that he gets pre-show jitters. Josephson added that he gets nervous and antisocial. Ever the joker, Arch declared that he takes "a nervous poop." Well, sure, that would calm anyone down.

The guys proudly label themselves rock musicians, so why rock? Why not R&B, punk or, say, opera? As it turns out, the band did have folksy beginnings but moved naturally towards rock with the addition of more members.

Havdale, Arch and Josephson all attended South Delta Senior Secondary. Arch and Josephson jammed together, and in Grade 9, Havdale first saw them play. Teenaged Havdale, with the ambition of picking up girls, soon joined a Slayer cover band and played the bass. As for Arch, it was known from his elementary school days that he would be a musician.

The music of the Mohawk Lodge is soulful rock. Great attention is paid to the melody. When Havdale begins a new song, he records his rough ideas onto his iPod to share with his bandmates. Each member then contributes to the songwriting process by adding his own ideas to the framework laid out by Havdale. In this way, the songs have the depth of something carefully crafted—something with a solid four-four beat and lots of soul.

In October, the band heads out on a three week national tour along with Octoberman. They have already purchased a Dodge Pacifica van as transportation for their impending adventure. The guys have no worries about getting sick of one another on the road, which bodes well for such a long tour. It helps that Arch promises he is "gonna bring tighty whities for everyone."

In the future, the Mohawk Lodge hopes to tour internationally. At the present, they are very excited about their new album, *Wildfires*. Visit their site <http://mohawkloodge.ca> to experience a piece of their rock. **D**

OCTOBER

31



wednesday

The Deadcats, Grim Dawn and
the Horrors, Days of Decadence,
TSOL cover band @ Pub 340

Bands from the Grave @ ANZA

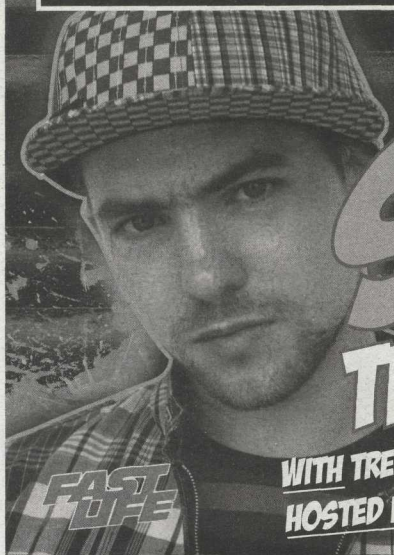
Los Furiós, DJ Ska-T @ Pat's

1	monday	Wired for Sound: 3 Local Musicians Back to Back @ <i>Wired Monk Kitz</i> Cineworks' Meet the Filmmaker Series: "Creative Non-Fiction at Film" @ <i>Pacific Cinematheque</i>	16	tuesday	CITR's Shindig! night 6: JPNDRDS, Lownote, Vonnegut Dollhouse @ <i>Railway</i> The Thermals, Victoria Victoria @ <i>Richard's</i>
2	tuesday	CITR's Shindig! night 4: Gunshoe, the Patience By-Products, Wintermills @ <i>Railway</i> Dick Dale @ <i>Yale</i>	17	wednesday	Tokyo Police Club, Melgrove Band, the Virgins @ <i>Plaza</i> The Emetics, Three Bees, Spectrum Interview, Flat Grey, Aerosol Constellations @ <i>Cobalt</i>
3	wednesday	Trentemoller @ <i>Plaza</i> Drums, One All Night, theinternet, objects, Nu Sense, the Sorrow & the Pity @ <i>Cobalt</i>	18	thursday	It's a Living Thing tour kickoff, the Public or the Press @ <i>Royal Unicorn</i> A-Trak, Kid Sister, Mehdi, Kavinsky, Catchdubs, Cool Kids @ <i>Celebrities</i>
4	thursday	Bella CD Release, Parlor Steps, 16mm @ <i>Railway</i> White Winkle tour kickoff w/ Mohawk Lodge, Octoberman, Treacherous Machete @ <i>Ukrainian Hall</i>	19	friday	The Woggles, the Manipulators @ ANZA Chi Pig's 45th birthday bash w/ SNFU @ <i>Cobalt</i>
5	friday	GreenTARA CD release party, Cheek, Ross Vegas @ <i>Backstage</i> China Creeps, Eastside Death Squad, Ovary Action, the Remedials @ <i>Cobalt</i>	20	saturday	Final Fantasy, Great Lake Swimmers, Basia Bulat @ <i>Richard's</i> Sinister Black, Sonic Temple, Shankenstein, the POGs @ <i>Columbia</i>
6	saturday	The Weakerthans, The Last Town Chorus @ <i>Commodore</i> Oktoberfest feat. Darkest of the Hillsdale Thickets, InnerWynne, Jen Doll's Rock'n'Roll Burlesque @ <i>Bourbon</i>	21	sunday	Matthew Dear, Mobius Band @ <i>Media</i> Club Blackalicious, Mighty Underdogs, Crown City Rockers @ <i>Commodore</i>
7	sunday	Sea Wolf, Kevin House @ <i>Media Club</i> Laura Cortese, the Gruff @ <i>St. James</i> <i>Hall</i>	22	monday	Ted Leo and the Pharmacists, Quasi @ <i>Richard's</i> Cat Toren Band feat. Russell Sholberg & Dan Ga @ <i>Cellar Jazz</i>
8	monday	Mike Allen @ <i>O'Douls</i> First Time Victor, Quest Poetics, Evan Reeve, Annie Becker @ <i>Railway</i>	23	tuesday	CITR's Shindig! night 7: Fanshaw, the Noble Firs, the Public or the Press @ <i>Railway</i> Preservation Hall Jazz Band @ <i>North</i> <i>Van Centennial Theatre</i>
9	tuesday	CITR's Shindig! night 5: A Relative Distance, the Skedaddlers, Treacherous Machetes @ <i>Railway</i> Fujiya & Miyagi, Project Jenny, Project Jan @ <i>Richard's</i>	24	wednesday	White Cowbell Oklahoma, Big John Bates, Wildbirds @ <i>Plaza</i> High on Fire, Mono, the Panthers, Coliseum @ <i>Richard's</i>
10	wednesday	Benefit for Our Beloved Les Beyond w/ Henrietta Lox, aids eyes, Lion Cunt Aja and Ora Three Holy See @ <i>Cobalt</i> urban Renewal Project Fundraiser @ <i>Plaza</i>	25	thursday	Sunset Rubdown, Johnny & the Moon, Magic Weapons @ <i>Plaza</i> Broken Social Scene, New Buffalo @ <i>Commodore</i>
11	thursday	Turbonegro, Nick Oliveri, the Mondo Generator, Year Long Disaster @ <i>Commodore</i> Matt Pond PA, Jessica Hoop @ <i>Plaza</i> Chris Murray, One Night Band @ <i>Pat's</i>	26	friday	SpreadEagle, the Mavils, the Smeears, Mongoose @ <i>Media Club</i> Rauli Rida, Morley @ <i>Plaza</i>
12	friday	K'naan, Piper Davis @ <i>Pf Pub</i> Josh Martinez, Sleep, Moka Only, Evil Tachichi, Moves @ <i>Royal Unicorn</i> Patrick Wolf @ <i>Plaza</i> Deletem @ <i>Commodore</i>	27	saturday	Fond of Tigers, Veda Hille, Sandro Perri @ <i>1067 (1067 Granville)</i> Los Furiols, the Dreadnoughts, Fuzzcat, Rio Bent @ <i>Media Club</i>
13	saturday	Bat for Lashes, Chris Chavez @ <i>Plaza</i> Ford Pier, the Feminists, the Belushis @ <i>Pub 340</i> The Sadies @ <i>Richard's</i>	28	sunday	Ross Taggart @ <i>O'Douls</i> David Francey @ <i>Capilano College</i> <i>Performing Arts Theatre</i>
14	sunday	Circlesquare, AndrewAndrewAndrew @ <i>Media Club</i> Birds and Kitties, Nat Jay, Matthew Mei @ <i>Cafe deux Soleils</i> BODOG Band Battle @ <i>Plaza</i>	29	monday	Do Make Say Think, Apostle of Hustle @ <i>Commodore</i> IAMX @ <i>Plaza</i> The Ravonettes @ <i>Richard's</i>
15	monday	The Fiery Furnaces, Pitt Er Pat @ <i>Richard's</i> John Vanderslice, Bishop Allen @ <i>Red</i> <i>Room</i>	30	tuesday	CITR's Shindig! night 8: Adjective, Taxes, Tuck @ <i>Railway</i> Caribou, Born Ruffians @ <i>Richard's</i> Ninja Spy, Batouche, Raised by Apes @ <i>Royal Unicorn</i>

*send your event listings to calendar.disorder@gmail.com



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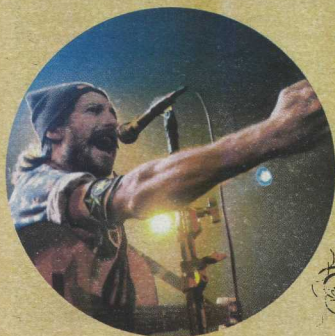
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Gogol Bordello

words AND pictures
by MEG BOURNE



party just kings AND QUEENS

YOU MIGHT WANT TO SHY AWAY FROM CALLING IT 'GYPSY PUNK,' explains bass player Thomas Gobena of Gogol Bordello. "We are much more than Gypsy punks."

Hours later, as I watch Gogol Bordello play a two-hour-long set at the Commodore Ballroom, I realize that Thomas couldn't be more right. As I look around at the sold-out crowd, some people donning fake mustaches to emulate lead singer Eugene Hütz, others just staring in awe (possibly because Hütz's pants keep falling down), it's easy to see that Gogol's stage presence and passion for music is something that none of us can deny. And we love it.

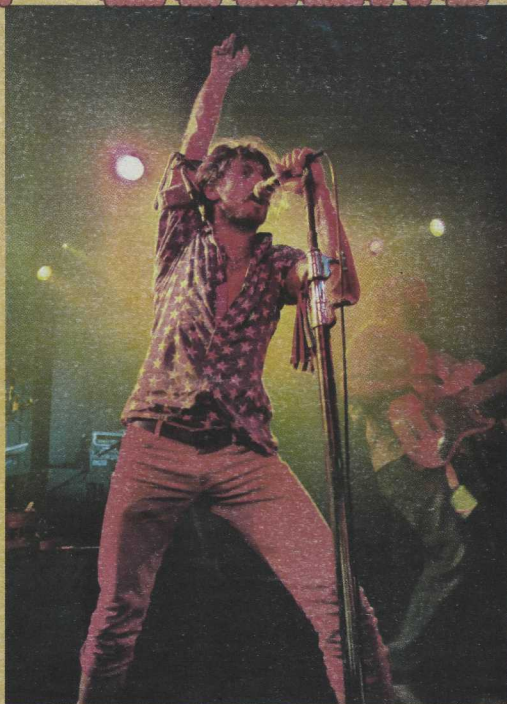
With eight members, including two dancing girls, Gogol's live show is a chaotic circus of energy and enthusiasm, mixed with the cunning and precision of a well-trained orchestra. If it seems as though it's a party on stage—"it is!" confirms Thomas. "We want it to be a party every day, every minute, every second!"

Having just released their fifth album, *Super Tarantula*, Gogol are slowly emerging from their cult status. Recently performing a duet with Madonna at the Live Earth concert in England and playing almost every festival you could imagine, they're just getting started. They also have a lot to be proud of: they've just finished a long U.S./Canada tour, and they've already announced a European tour starting in October and ending in December; not to mention Hütz has been chosen to star in Madonna's new film, *Filth and Wisdom*, which is scheduled to be released in 2008.

When asked where he sees himself in ten years, Thomas said, "I see myself having, like, a super-crazy rocket-powered wheelchair." I laughed and began to imagine the whole band still performing, even when they are in wheelchairs. And the thing is, it didn't even seem that weird. The strength and skill that Gogol shares is too powerful to be stopped by age or fame or anything.

In this world full of over-produced 'music,' Gogol seems to shine through it all, proving that real talent will always capture hearts and make a difference.

With so much humour, politics, energy and partying, what's not to love about Gogol Bordello? **D**





Ashes Ashes...

by Marielle Kho

My lesson to you this month is never judge a book by its cover. Or more specifically, never judge a band by its name. Never. I recently learned this lesson from experience in an embarrassing, but almost humorous, manner this month.

During one of the first episodes of my show, just over two years ago, I remember coming across a new local band that, for very shallow and specific reasons, I learned to hate pretty quickly. I was reading over the upcoming concert listings for the Lower Mainland area when I came across a band called Fake Shark Real Zombie. I had never heard any of their music, and when I read their name out loud, I immediately despised them. With a name like that I got the feeling they were a group of stupid, young, pretentious teenagers that thought they were the shit. I even voiced this opinion on air. With an over-the-top name like that, I thought they were trying to make up for what I assumed would be very shitty music. And every time I saw a listing for one of their shows, I laughed and turned my nose up at them, like the snobby asshole that I am.

Fast forward to two years later. I recently started a new job that I only got hired for because I knew the manager well. As my first week there went by, I slowly became acquainted with my co-workers. One day, the manager introduced me to someone I would be working with and said, "This is Malcolm. He's the drummer in Fake Shark." I said "hi," but immediately thought, "Oh crap, one of those guys." To my surprise, as the weeks went by he actually came across as a pretty cool guy. He had talked about his band a few times, but despite getting along with him well, I still thought his band sucked. Keep in mind I had not heard any of their music at this point.

One day, Malcolm announced that his band was playing a show at the end of the week and everyone at work decided to attend, as most of us had never seen his band play before. I convinced myself that the show would not be a complete waste of my time and decided to go, if only to support my friends. Turns out his band is fucking awesome. Their show left me feeling uncomfortable, but in a good way. Their self-sacrificing, awe-inspiring performance made my opinion of them do a full 180.

The next day I congratulated Malcolm on a great show and admitted that I used to think that they were "a group of stupid, young, pretentious teenagers that thought they were the shit." I felt bad and apologized but he replied, "We are a group of stupid, young, pretentious teenagers that still think we're the shit. And you can quote me on that." So, it turns out I am a huge asshole and Fake Shark Real Zombie is actually a great local band. I will play their music on my show, and you too will come to know their awesomeness.

Don't be a music snob, guys. It won't make you any better, and the kids at Zulu won't think you're any cooler.

Marielle Kho hosts *We All Fall Down Thursdays* 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. on *CiTR* 101.9 FM.

Radio Radio

by John Tanner

Host Jolly John Tanner is a longtime (too long) Vancouver broadcaster who spent commercial radio purgatory in his chosen profession back in Kelowna. Always the music fan, Mr. T. decided professional broadcasting would be his brilliant career move so he could play all the music he loved (he thought).

Working the mid '60s at CKOV Kelowna, where he is still held in high regard by the few still alive in the 'Big K' to remember him, Jolly J. was brought to the Vancouver radio wars by none other than Red Robinson, the "Dick Clark" of local radio. JT saw action and inevitable internal strife while residing at CFUN, CKLG AM & FM, CJCJ, CKVN, CFMI, CJOR, CHRX, and COAST 800 & 1040.

Affable and arguably the friendliest and least affected local radio personality, Mr. Tanner saw the advent of the music video and can claim the mantle of Canada's first music VJ. Rogers Cable 10 in the late '70s & early '80s, under Tanner and producer Mr. Tasty (Don Fraser), launched *Nite Dreams*, airing Sunday nights at 11 p.m., which was to become the most-watched local program in the history of Vancouver cable TV. It was innovative, self-indulgent craziness that celebrated the new music video before the advent of MTV. During the *Nite Dreams* era, Tanner befriended the hapless—but celebrated—semi-legendary J.B. Shayne: the first to introduce "alternative" music to the CBC, among his other ventures in radio, TV and films. Their team-up would continue throughout Tanner's colourful career.

Shayne took the moniker 'Raoul Casablanca' and collaborated with Long John on *Nite Dreams*, taking the cable show to new highs and lows. Shayne declined to join Tanner on *CiTR*-FM, citing "no money," though he is a fervent fan of the station. Instead, Mr. Shayne's son from a previous marriage, Nimrod (real name Herbert) was given the opportunity to assist—and hinder—Mr. T.

Several listeners claim Nimrod poses his dad's gift for bullshit cloaked in knowing cynicism and is a real "hottie" (quoting *CiTR*'s manager, Lydia). *Radio Radio* has no set agenda other than to play an eclectic array of the best of pop music from then to now.

With Nimrod's knowledge and enthusiasm for "what's good" in most genres and Tanner's experience, love of music and natural on-air abilities, this is a program that sets no boundaries, takes no prisoners and is the perfect accompaniment to nothing in particular.

John Tanner hosts *Radio Radio* alternating Mondays 6 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. on *CiTR* 101.9 FM.

Breakfast with the Browns

by Peter Sickert

There are two events that changed my view of music forever: seeing the Pointed Sticks perform a free concert in Gastown (was it 1981?) and hearing Brian Eno one late night on CBC. From then on, I was hunting for anything that sounded new and different.

In late 1985, after hearing the Dead Kennedy's "Holiday in Cambodia" on my friend Ian's radio (it was tuned to *CiTR*), I knew I had found what I was looking for. He claimed that anyone could host a show and play cool stuff. So he and I went out, paid up, got trained and made demos. We actually never made it on the air—unless you count the time we were asked by Jerome Broadway to cheer loudly in the back ground as he destroyed some "evil mainstream vinyl." Anyway, we did promos and other behind-the-scenes production stuff. My friend dropped out. I met my future partner, the weather girl (they had that back then), then I got busy with university.

Forward to the summer of 1988. I was bragging to some of my classmates that I had been involved in *CiTR*. When asked whether I had been on the air, I

had to admit that I hadn't. I was double-dog dared to go back and finish what I started. I triple dog dared them into joining me. After some training, a demo tape, being offered the unpopular Monday morning slot and after a breakfast strategy meeting, a show concept was born. Five of us—James, Judith, Julie, Vaughan and, of course, I—would host a show featuring music, restaurant reviews and short stories.

The show's name, *Breakfast with the Browns*, came about naturally, as the generic Brown last name had a certain bland, suburban feel to it, in contrast to the young rebels we felt we were. So, in September 1988 *Bowie* was on the air. The first tune played was David Bowie's "DJ."

The first year was marked by a crazy collage of unrelated music (punk, classical, ambient, jazz, new wave, soundtracks, etc.), spoken word, interviews and reviews of all types. Occasionally, we would do 'music specials' when we would use the show to feature different music styles such as ska, African, covers, all polka/lezmer show and can't forget our annual Christmas Special, either.

Over the year, as school and eventually work got in the way, only James and I were left as hosts. From then on, our show started to focus more and more on the music. Although our show is still pretty eclectic, we try to string the disparate music pieces together into something bigger than the parts—something that ebbs and flows over the three hours and that creates a sustained mood or atmosphere.

After all these years of doing the show it is still the highlight of my week.

Old favourites:

Eno/Byrne "My Life in the Bush of Ghosts," Michael Brook "Hybrid," Einstürzende Neubauten, Residents & Jon Hassel.

Odd favourites:

Der Plan, Spock, Al & George, Jolly Tambourine Man & EJ Brulé

Current favourites:

Mathew Dear, Caribou, the Field, Ulrich Schnauss, Intermission Audio Lab, Pete Samuels, ArcLab, Quadra, Dosh, the Arcade Fire, Budo Band

Many thanks to all the lovely listeners that take the time to call in to the show or e-mail us breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com. It's easy to forget that people are actually listening out there and appreciate what we do. We were very flattered that during *CiTR*'s last Funding Drive so many listeners pledged money in our show's name.

Upcoming Highlights:

Oct. 1 and 8, 2007

The Best of the Browns: in support of the *CiTR* Funding Drive, we'll dig out some of our favourite tunes.

Peter Sickert hosts *Breakfast with the Browns Monday mornings* 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. on *CiTR* 101.9 FM.

Flex Your Head!

by Steveston Mike

I was reading one of the more popular hardcore message boards this morning and the topic of violence came up once again. The poster asked if it was okay to react to a person who was moshing at the edge of the pit and throwing punches and kicks into the crowd.

My first reaction was, when the hell did this become accepted in the first place? I have been going to shows for about 20 years now, and I've never seen this kind of disregard for fellow punks and kids until recently.

It used to be that if you wanted to feel safe or just enjoy the bands, you could stand off to the side and not feel threatened by the dancing. Nowadays, some people think that no one should be safe, no matter where they stand.

They seem to go out of their way to slam into everyone, even small kids and girls. Maybe they see this as a show of their manhood. Maybe they think that people will be impressed with how many people they can hurt during their favourite band's set. They're wrong.

I am fed up with these new kids who feel it is their right to act all tough and try to play the part. I have seen too many incidents where someone dances like a jerk, hits people deliberately, and then, when someone confronts him, he reacts with violence—knowing that his so-called friends will help him out in the fight, no matter who was in the wrong.

This needs to stop. These kids need to be called out and shown how stupid their actions are. I have confronted these kids in the past and some seem to listen, if only for a little while. It seems they need a constant reminder that this scene is what they make it, and most of us don't want a scene filled with violence and fear. This scene should be a place where everyone can come and feel like they are a part of something without worrying about violence directed towards themselves or others around them.

Kids at shows need to be more aware of what they are doing and realize that most people are there to have a good time—and a good time likely means not getting killed by someone else's dancing, no matter how tough and cool they may think they are. Please show some respect for each other.

Top 10 for September

1. Soul Control – *Evolution* (Rivalry)
2. Alternate Action – *4/7* (Longshot)
3. 86 Mentality – *Final Exit 7* (Deranged)
4. Antibodies – *Concrete Rockers Go Uptown* (Choking Hazard)
5. Commitment Crew – *Hisinger* (Crucial Response)
6. Attitude – *Turn Into Stone* (1917)
7. One Voice – *Break Free* (Crucial Response)
8. Wolfbrigade – *Prey To The World* (Unrusted)
9. Criminal Damage – *No Solution* (Feral Star)
10. Limb From Limb – *Death Famine Plague* (No Option)

Steveon Mike hosts Flex Your Head Tuesdays 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.

Shadow Jugglers

by Emily Sobool

We at *Shadow Jugglers* enjoy searching out the good vibes in life and then sharing them. We've lucked into living in a fine city with plenty of vibrant underground cultures, and would like to give to you a sample of some of our favourite finds.

Dubstep is a genre of music that emerged around the turn of the millennium, stemming from various influences, namely U.K. Garage, 2-Step, jungle, techno and dub. The sound was cultivated from within a tight group of people in the U.K. and was incubated at FWD>> and on the radio show *Rinse FM*. A defining moment for dubstep was on Mary Anne Hobbs's *Breezeblock* show on BBC Radio 1 in January of 2006. The show was called *Dubstep Warz* and featured some of the sound's brightest pioneers: DMZ, Skream, Kode9 & Space Ape, Vex'd, Loefah, Hatcha and Distance.

Soon afterwards, it was characterized memorably by Joe Nice, one of dubstep's key North American ambassadors, as consisting of elements of "bass, pace and space." And heavy sub-bass is the key to dubstep's minimal and often dreamlike, reverb-drenched sound drenched. With a tempo hovering around 140 b.p.m., which doubles or halves itself depending on the track, the music is well-suited to both vibrant dance floors and contemplative headphone listening. The ideal dubstep party takes place in a dark space stacked with bassins, and if you're been lucky to enough to attend any of the parties put on by Light! Sound over the past year, you'll know what I'm talking about.

Part of the appeal of dubstep is its relative newness as a genre: these are still the early years, so the sound is fresh and regularly evolving. Music producers and DJs around the world are certainly finding themselves inspired, switching to dubstep from virtually all other genres of computerized music. Some Canadians have also caught the dubstep bug, including Taal Mala, Bias, Kuma, Max Ullis, AFL and DJ Cure.

If you're ready to learn more, the worldwide dubstep community unites on dubstepforum.com. And if you're ready to experience it, mark your calendars—Benga & Hatcha are coming through town on Oct. 26. Another unmissable is the Sound and Fury Tour, featuring R.A.W. and General Malice mashing up dubstep, reggae, hip hop and jungle on four decks.

Tune in to the Shadow Jugglers radio show on occasional Saturdays from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. on CiTR 101.9FM. In the meantime, check our show archives and blog on myspace.com/shadowjugglers.

One Year And Counting...

Shake a Tail Feather

by Jason Colantonio

Now that I've, metaphorically, blown out the candles on *Shake a Tail Feather's* one-year birthday cake, there's some fresh news on the horizon. First off, as promised, the show now has a web presence. You can search for *Shake a Tail Feather* on Facebook; just type in the name of the show. Once there, you'll find many things, including news about classic rhythm & blues and soul artists (their whereabouts, upcoming tours and music releases), links and discussion topics. Right now, you can vote for your favourite YouTube soul music video (or 'promotional film' in old school parlance). I promise you these are not the standard oldies that have been Big Chill-ed to death over the past 25 years: these are some rarely seen gems.

Part three of *Shake a Tail Feather's* "History of Rhythm & Blues" series, which airs on Oct. 19, features soul pioneers of the late-1950s. Part one was a three-hour episode co-hosted by *Sweet N' Hot's* Charles Burnham and yours truly, which aired on Aug. 31 and spotlighted the roots and birth of rhythm & blues, from the pre-Second World War-era to the mid-1950s. Part two aired on Sept. 7 and featured the best of 1950s rhythm & blues and doo-wop, the foundation upon which all soul music rests. Listen to podcasts of both parts on www.citr.ca/podcast.php.

Also, Oct. 1 to 14 marks the second annual CiTR Funding Drive. Tune in for *Shake a Tail Feather's* special Funding Drive episodes on Fridays, Oct. 5 and 12. On Oct. 5, I will be co-hosting with David "Love" Jones of *African Rhythms Radio* on a show packed with special guests, give away prizes and, as always, great classic soul music. These episodes will be two out of many opportunities during the Funding Drive for you to show your support for shows like mine, as well as CiTR as a whole. Pledge! Pledge! Pledge!

Listen to Shake a Tail Feather, Fridays from 10:30 p.m. to Midnight. Podcasts can be heard at www.citr.ca/podcast.php. Also, look up the show's Facebook page. Requests can be emailed to moresoulmusic@yahoo.ca. Shake a Tail Feather!

Give 'Em The Boot!

by Linda Bull

As this is the first time I've written for *Disorder*, I thought I should introduce myself and tell you a little about how an Australian woman ended up doing an Italian folk music show in Canada.

Well, just over a year ago, I started this show after thinking about getting into radio for a long time. I have a good friend who is a host on Australia's national radio, the ABC. After many "what a great radio voice you have" comments, it sort of gave me the idea that perhaps I could try it out. I definitely had the interest and the enthusiasm, but didn't really know where to start.

I moved to Canada in 2003 and got involved with the Rogue Folk Club and met Steve Edge, host of CiTR's long-running Saturday morning folk music show, *the Saturday Edge*. Initially, I apprenticed under Steve and filled in for him for a month when he went on holidays last year. So, he introduced me to the world of CiTR: using the console, finding CDs, getting into the station on a weekend—which can sometimes quite a challenge. Getting up early to do the show was also hard, but I loved it and couldn't wait to do more.

So, I asked Bryce if I could have a time slot for a show of my own, and after an initial discussion about genres, I said, "Well, I speak Italian and am into traditional Italian music, so I could..." and before I could finish that sentence, he said yes. *So Give 'Em the Boot!* was born in September 2006, and it's been a great year of radio for me since then.

Maybe I should tell you about what sort of music I play, as it's pretty unusual. Hmm... well, I play a mix of traditional Italian folk music—the hardcore stuff—from all different regions of the country. Then I also have quite a soft spot for more contemporary folk music—usually younger bands and singers who blend the traditional music of their region (often singing in their own regional dialects) with a more modern musical approach (pop/rock and world influenced at times) that still often uses traditional instruments. So, you should just tune in so you can get a feel for whether you like it or not.

So, tune in, and if you want to get in touch, you can call me during the show in the studio at 604-822-2487 or email me at musicalboot@yahoo.ca.

Hope you enjoy the show!

Linda Bull hosts Give 'Em the Boot! Tuesdays 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. on CiTR 101.9FM.

Tratado de Impaciencia No. 15

por Alex Tornillo

A mediados de los años 70, me llevaban a comer a un lugar el cual en ese entonces no sabía dónde quedaba. Cuando tienes menos de 10 primaveras vives en un mundo que es totalmente diferente 10 años después. No recuerdo cómo se llamaba aquel lugar, pero a mí me parecía sensacional: la comida era abundante y buenisima, el ambiente invitaba a los comensales a quedarse a una sobremesa de horas, era una especie de cantina mezclada con pub, os-ura con unas ventanas de marco de madera que dejaban entrar la luz perpendicular que con la humareda de la cocina se reflejaba como imagen religiosa y para rematar había un piano vertical que era aporreado por un viejecito al cual no se le veía la cara al tocar. Tocaba con tal pasión que quedé marcado para toda mi vida.

Este tipo de lugares existen por todos los rincones del mundo, no son turísticos y tienes que ser considerado como "local" para que sepas de su existencia y dependiendo de dónde se encuentren es lo que sirven de comer. En las ciudades viejas es más entretenido encontrar un lugar como estos y en aquel entonces la gente fumaba en las mesas, los señores se emborrachaban frente los niños y las mujeres platicaban con risas desparpajadas sin enterarse qué era lo que hacían sus tesoros dentro de un lugar como este. Yo corría entre las mesas, quizá dando cokes a las sillas y mesas y no dudo que alguien algún día me haya dado un jalón de dedos por haberle tirado la bebida.

Después de tantos años entiendo que aquel lugar al que me llevaban cuando era niño era lo que era no porque el ambiente invitaba a los comensales a quedarse a una sobremesa de horas, o era una especie de cantina mezclada con pub, oscura con unas ventanas de marco de madera que dejaban entrar la luz perpendicular que con la humareda de la cocina se reflejaba como imagen religiosa etc. sino que tenía magia porque la música que salía de aquello era tocada con pasión.

Alex Tornillo es productor y locutor del programa de radio Salario Mínimo que se transmite los Martes de 8 a 10 de la noche por medio del 101.9 FM.

can you hear me?

A cellphone interview with the
WEAKERTHANS
guitarist Stephen Carroll



Words by Artbur Krumins
Photo by Alicia Smith

Discorder: Hello? Is this Stephen?

Stephen Carroll: Yes, it is. Hi.

D: Oh, hi. This is Arthur in Vancouver. Your album's coming out tomorrow.

SC: It is.

D: Could you describe a little bit of what it was like to record it this year?

SC: What it was like to record? Well, it was a different experience from our last record. That's for sure.

D: Yeah, *Reconstruction Site*.

SC: We spent most of the recording in the Factory in Winnipeg, which is just recording overnight. And by the time we recorded the [songs], you know, left at 6 a.m. to go home. We could almost barely tell what we'd made. It probably wasn't until we got it all assembled later on in Toronto that we got to see what the songs were shaping up to be. That was an interesting process and fun. It was beginning to feel like all we were doing was making this record during that time. We lived and breathed it. There was no time for anything else. There was just enough time to go home. When you were back, you'd be back driving out the commute of about 35-45 minutes to the Factory.

D: So, did you have any help on the record?

SC: You mean other musicians? We had some musicians in Toronto come in and play flute and trumpet and some other horns, and of course, the help of our producer, Ian Blorton, and our artist friends.

D: I know in the past, you've recorded a song for the War Child compilation. I was sort of interested in that. And you've played Rock Against Racism and stuff. Could you talk about your involvement with activist projects?

SC: Well, I guess we're not heavily involved. We do support about three or four organizations regularly in Winnipeg. War Child asked us to contribute a song. It was good. We were saving it for this record, *Reunion Tour*, before we released it, and we thought we'd do a version for that record. And for this record we re-recorded it. Last year we started working with this organization in Winnipeg called Resource Assistance For Youth, a.k.a. RAY. They're a really great organization, and we just did a show for them and a T-shirt for them—a T-shirt that's sold internationally—and a poster. It was really a remarkable experience for us to work with them. That's the people who are dealing with, I would say, a series of problems that the world doesn't see every day.

D: So is it a resource centre for people?

SC: Resource Assistance For Youth is basically an assistance program run out of a couple locations in Winnipeg, where [they help with] whatever anybody needs, be they homeless or temporarily homeless or they are searching for something they're having trouble with a landlord who's kicking them out or being cruel. It's just a fantastic organization that helps in a really broad way and it focuses on street youth. And it's from laundry, to Internet, to helping them with lawyers, and as I said, to dealing with landlords, to finding them food and shelter and health care.

D: I didn't know about that, but that's good to hear. Well, I'm excited for the new record, and I wanted

The new Weakerthans album, *Reunion Tour*, is out. On it, the group's ever-evolving songwriting continues to mix punk-rock energy and the spirit of protest music from the left wing. It not only appeals to people across Canada but also around the world. Their hometown of Winnipeg has been the birthplace of a thriving arts scene, participants of which the band's members have frequently collaborated with. As they took off to tour the world, Discorder got a chance to ask their guitar player, Stephen Carroll, a few questions in September while their tour bus travelled between Chicago and Minneapolis for their first gig. In this interview, Discorder got to discuss the political efforts the band undertakes. The organizations discussed in the interview can be found online:

Resource Assistance for Youth (Winnipeg)
www.rayinc.ca

War Child (International)
www.warchild.org

to ask you about artists that you feel have influenced you. I know there's obviously the punk side to the band, but I also hear a bit of country on songs like "New Name for Everything."

SC: Yeah, we're interested in all aspects of music that interest us. And, really, just follow the songs wherever they lead us. Whatever they need. Whatever that arrangement is. And whatever suits the subject of the songs.

D: What can we expect to hear on the new album? How would you describe it?

SC: Well, I think for me it just means an extension of our previous work. I mean, these songs are kind of tangled in my mind with older songs. Like, some of them have been around for a while. I mean, "Utilities" was written even maybe four years ago, and it's been around for a while. And then "Night Windows" as well. So, I kind of feel like I don't see as much differentiation as maybe somebody who purchases them would. I would sort of see them as their histories entwined.

D: So, were they written on the road or in the studio?

SC: No, no. There's not really writing on the road. Everything has to stop for any successful writing to get done.

D: And are there any things you do on the road to make sure you stay sane and keep it together?

SC: I don't know. Humour. Laughter. Keep your sense of humour and don't take anything too seriously.

D: I'm wondering if you grew up punk, or if it was a radical thing to be into punk music when you were growing up?

SC: Yeah, for sure it was, actually. We had a very radicalized youth. I grew up in Winnipeg. For our generation, it was pretty crazy. I mean, the idea was everybody was engaging with their music. At the time, it was very political. We were engaging with our culture at all levels about the way we were living our personal lives, about the way we eat, about the way the city we lived in was run. And we affiliated ourselves with various organizations. We were walking into the Premier's office and handing out controversial literature to him, right? Which is kind of funny. That was just part of what we were doing. We were just friends. And we had these political beliefs and we just did this stuff. We had a fun time. I think our band's history is really based on that, and we still use the network of left wing punk rock to tour the world. The people who come to see our shows are awesome, and our songs have a philosophical centre and we market that as left of centre, and I think when we travel the world, people who come out often share that opinion.

D: Why is the band called the Weakerthans?

SC: It was named after a moment in a Margaret Duras novel that was adapted for film. It was a film, and it was a book. It's a line that's only in the movie, but it's a good line. You have to watch the movie before it makes sense.

D: What movie is it?

SC: It's called *The Lovers*.

Check out the Weakerthans when they come to Vancouver for an all ages show on Oct. 6th at the Commodore Ballroom.

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Architecture in Helsinki

Places Like This

[Polyvinyl]

The first song on Architecture in Helsinki's third album shouts the words, "You've got the wrong idea if you're leaving off the edge of this world." In reference to this and the following nine tracks that make up *Places Like This*, such a sentiment describe the chaos of a band trying too hard. Architecture in Helsinki have got the wrong idea if they are, in a sense, jumping into the unknown, for the band carry too many thrown-together and hastily assembled musical aspects, which would cause them to plummet off of the edge of the world.

Where a mix of strained vocals, bombastic brass, electro-pop and *Remain in Light*-ish white-boy funk would otherwise work, *Places Like This* delivers the soundtrack for a headache in an over-crowded nursery, but only because the songs have little room to breathe. Wrenching vocals crumble under the weight of barely shouted syllables and layers of instrumentation, laser-synth surges, omnipresent cowbells and acoustic guitars. All these elements scream out against one another in desperate attempts to find spaces to be heard. Unfortunately, it's an arrangement of sound that is both jarring and forced.

Despite *Places Like This*'s laboured shambles, there are some segments that work. The climatic last half of "Same Old Innocence," the bouncy intro of "Red Turned White" and the building zenith of "Heart it Races," all let the band's separate sounds coalesce. More often than not, though, these harmonious arrangements are just fleeting sections in a cluttered mess of songs. Maybe Architecture in Helsinki could consolidate their wayward sound if they looked before they leaped next time.

Christian Martius

The Fiery Furnaces

Widow City

[Thrill Jockey]

I was super stoked about reviewing this album since I loved all the Furnaces' previous albums (even *Rehearsing My Choir*). I just love the storytelling style of the Friedburgers; it reminds me of the old 1950's radio dramas that my parents and I would listen to on road trips. But this disc was actually a hard to review because, I must admit, I was a more than a little disappointed. Don't get me wrong, we are still talking about the Fiery Furnaces, who are excellent, and there is still a lot to enjoy in this album. My disappointment stems from two things. First of all, this album follows a rapid-fire of excellent material: the epic concept album, *Rehearsing My Choir*, the diverse double Matthew Friedburger solo album, *Winter Women/Holy Ghost Language School*, and the incredibly catchy and poppy *Bitter Tea*. Second, for the first time, I found myself being irritated by several songs on the album: "Clear Signal from Cairo," "The Old Hag Is Sleeping" and "Wicker Whatnots," to name a few. Granted, every Fiery Furnaces album had one or two songs that would grate on my nerves a little bit, but this album was different. I found myself heartily disliking at least three of the tracks and being only lukewarm on several others. Once again, this album is not bad at all though. I loved the flow of the first through fourth tracks, and "My Egyptian Grammar," "Navy Nurse" and "Restorative Beer" are excellent.

The bottom line: for Furnaces fans, this album is still a must, but for people who are new to the Furnaces, I wouldn't recommend this album as a starting point. People looking to get into the Furnaces would do better checking out either *Bitter Tea* or *Blueberry Boat*.

Andrew Wilson

The Big Bad

Middle of the Night EP

[Independent]

It's a Thursday morning and I am in my garage painting something black. There is an obvious soundtrack for such an activity, but Vancouver's own the Big Bad are providing the tunes. The first track off their five-song *Middle of the Night* EP is "Better Way." Drums...guitar...bass...vocals.

Really, by song three, the only thing getting through to my paint-fume-addled brain is the vocals. Margitta Ziercke growls, snarls and shouts her way through 15 minutes worth of formulaic punk rock. She could probably kick your ass in three different octaves. So-so lyrics, grinding guitars and repetitive songs don't make the most of her talents, but there's enough there that, with a little more experimentation, *Middle of the Night* could've been great.

Amelia Butcher

Maritime

Heresy and the Hotel Choir

[Flameshovel Records]

Like so many bands, Maritime has been a victim of expectations. When the group started a few years back, fans had such high hopes for this band of ex-Promise Ring and Dismemberment Plan members that disappointment seemed inevitable. And that's exactly what listeners got with Maritime's 2004 debut, *Glass Floor*—an awkward record of pop songs that was panned by critics and fans alike. Yet in a way, this shaky beginning was a blessing; it seemed to let the pressure off, to let the group shake out the cobwebs a bit. And when Maritime released last year's follow-up, *We the Vehicles*, a new confidence and maturity had seeped into the band, making comparisons to the group's emo-tinged roots pointless. As a result, record No. 2 stood out as an exceptional piece of sunny, low-key guitar pop and one of last year's best.

Well, if Maritime found its footing with *We the Vehicles*, then the band is now jogging at a nice, brisk pace with its latest record, *Heresy and the Hotel Choir*. Led by a more adult-like Davey von Bohlen, Maritime packs a hefty load of pop hooks, catchy melodies and clever guitar moves. And the newly expanded four-piece (minus bass player Eric Axelsson) does this with precision and self-assurance, repeatedly hitting the mark and making the phrase "no filler" an appropriate one. It's this consistency that makes *Heresy* perhaps a stronger album than *Vehicles*. The sound, direction and approach of the new record all seems to stem from the same place, whereas *Vehicles* sometimes strayed off track and had a more hodgepodge-type assembly.

Also, thanks to producer Stuart Sikes (the Walkmen, Modest Mouse), the production of *Heresy* is leagues above Maritime's previous efforts. He finally disposes of the band's crisp, digital sheen and opts for much warmer, more analog one, which is more suiting for Maritime's humble pop. Through a bigger, crunchier guitar sound, Sikes also makes the record a bit more rock, a little less sugar—a good move considering von Bohlen's tendency to give some listeners a toothache.

All in all, Maritime has one-upped itself with *Heresy and the Hotel Choir*, and once again proved that first impressions don't mean much.

Brock Thiessen



continued on page 24

Hugh Masekela

Live at Market Theatre

[Time Square Records]

I witnessed a Hugh Masekela concert for the first time this July at the Mission Folk Music Festival. The legendary South African trumpet/flugelhorn player was in stunning form that night, so I jumped at the chance to review this double CD. It's very much along the same lines, stepping out to a danceable groove that lies between jazz, funk and African music.

Masekela was discovered by **Archibishop Trevor Huddleston** in the early 1960s. He came from a poor black family background, and Huddleston, who was white, wanted to show the South African government that even under Apartheid it was possible for young Africans to make a name for themselves. Apparently, Huddleston bought Masekela his first trumpet. His career blossomed immediately, and he recorded several albums with **Miriam Makeba**, becoming one of the most powerful musical voices in the anti-Apartheid movement. In the 1970s, he became the first African artist to have a No. 1 hit in the U.S., knocking the **Rolling Stones** "Jumping Jack Flash" out of the top with his classic groove, "Grazing in the Grass", included here as a glorious 14-minute epic.

The collection takes the form of a two-set concert, complete with Masekela's trademark narratives and calls to the audience to sing louder, cheer more and get up and dance. At Mission, his song about the train taking migrant workers to their unforgiving places of work lasted about 30 minutes. It was compelling, covering African politics from Darfur to Durban. Here, he delivers several monologues, including a wonderful moment where he describes the difficulties faced by agricultural workers in "incontinent weather."

The man is pushing 70, but has as much energy, joie de vivre and mischievous sexual energy as anyone. His mastery of the flugelhorn is total. He casts a spell over his audience, and leads his superb backing band in irrepressible fashion. That Mission festival performance was amazing. The next best thing is to put this CD on and surrender to the groove.

Steve Edge

Moka Only & Def 3

Dog River

[Ship Records/Fantasia North]

Dog River is a new collaboration between Vancouver's Moka Only and an up-and-coming MC from Saskatchewan named Def 3. If you know a bit about hip hop, you've likely heard of Moka Only, maybe from his past days as a part of **Swollen Members** or from one of his releases such as *Lime Green* and *The Desired Effect*. Those in the know can tell you that those days are just the tip of the iceberg of Moka's talent, with a 15-year-long career and more than 30 self-produced solo albums. This collaboration, then, between Moka and Def 3 is one that surprised me because of the widely different styles of these two talented individuals. With Moka's laid-back, abstract style of singing and rapping, and Def 3's polished delivery, the album shines with the contrast and talent these two bring to the table and is one of my favourite hip-hop albums to drop in quite a while.

The album starts with a heavy beat layered with samples that appears to be both maniacal Halloween-type laughter and sped-up chipmunk vocals, firing up an album that's diversity and contrast ties it together. Each track except the fourth was produced by Moka and stays true to his typical production style of intentionally undefined rap, chunky beats that could be compared to a **J Dilla** or a **Madlib** style. The album is amazing front to back, flowing through a diverse variety of amazing beats and well-executed raps

from both Moka and Def 3. However, Def 3 sometimes doesn't alter his precise flow enough throughout some of the diverse beats, although his repetition ends up balancing Moka's abstraction and helps tie the album together.

I played this album for a few people and had everyone, including some non hip-hop fans, praised the hell out of it. This album shows that Canadian hip hop is alive and well, and hopefully will prove that Canada's music scene isn't all trash like **Avril Lavigne** or **Sum 41**. From surfers to crack dealers, this album will appeal to any music fan out there and should definitely not be missed.

joelboy

Mutators

Mutators

[Broadway to Boundry]

Setting the pace with an introductory scream that reaches pitches matching those of the included sporadic feedback, the (reformed) Mutators' debut 7" rekindles an energy I wasn't sure I would feel again until the teenage years of my next life. As a recombination of minimal punk ideals, hardcore edge and tempo-change madness, this album is an at-home experience of being in the midst of a construction site and simultaneously feeling your mental structures breaking.

While diving into the three track record, I found myself not knowing if I wanted to hack my hair off with the nearest sharp object, or drop everything and make violent love to myself with the anticipated bursts of audio insanity. With simple droning and drumming to pay attention to, the (somewhat) newly acquired vocalist, Leif Ambrosia, shrieks and screams his words so convincingly that I have no idea what she is talking about, but I agree nonetheless.

The Mutators may be too unconventional for those who view or listen to punk rock for its nostalgic value, though they're still reminiscent of historical movements that have brought music to this point (much like everything happening). They are kind of like a banana: they don't need the shit on the outside, have a delicious inner core and remind perverts of a big yellow dick. This album is one of the most satisfying I have around. I am convinced that the Mutators are the type of band that will keep only the most honest fans around and bring tears to those who can see the importance but don't have the stomach for it.

Julianne Claire

The National Parcs

Timbervision (CD+DVD)

[Audiogram]

Newly formed trio, the National Parcs (Ian Cameron, Chimmewwe Miller and Montreal-scene veteran Vincent "Freeworm" Letellier), have crafted an ecological hip-hop tour de force out of collaged sounds collected from nature.

The CD is good, but to get the whole experience, you really have to watch the DVD - videos that show both the creative process, as well as being artistic extensions of the songs themselves. They show the three making and recording sounds using branches, logs and stones, a kick drum against a canoe, water rushing through a beaver dam and Miller rapping as he walks across a muddy bank.

Opener "Border Patrol" is textured with chain-gang chanting vocals, the warped lens and blue tuxedos of "Powerline" add visual interest. Most intriguing, though, is "Down by the River," with glitchy, crackling beats and smooth vocals and keyboards, a study in contrasts between fire and water that melded perfectly with the video. Other favourites are "Clickety-Click" and "Twelve Word Song," especially the giant log xylophone.

Timbervision is smart, rich Canadian hip-hop for not only die-hard fans, but also newcomers.

Amelia Butcher

Sunset Rubdown

Random Spirit Lover

[Jagjaguwar]

In the past couple of years, the indie music scene has increasingly given the impression of a snake eating its own tail. In a relatively short time, the genre, or whatever you want to call it, has grown from the domain of college music geeks and Value Village **Rivers Cuomo**s to its glory of chart-topping bands from Montreal and teams of screaming high-school girls. Now, I don't mean to knock the entire thing - the "Indie" label has given us many exceptional acts from the mega-stars **Arcade Fire** and **Broken Social Scene** to the lesser-knowns **Dufus** and **Caribou**. However it seems like for every genuinely good act there are a score of the same uninspiring indie bands that profit off the hipster aesthetic, or who think the more '80s music references something has, the cooler it is. The result is that an area of music that thrived off the hope of something different and creative is now a "genre" that has long since lost any semblance of freshness.

It is in dark times that **Sunset Rubdown** shines through like a beacon of hope. Listening to *Random Spirit Lover* is like entering a feverish musical kaleidoscope. Spencer Krug of modern legends **Wolf Parade** and **Frog Eyes** shines again. What started out as a solo side-project has by now evolved into a multi-faceted group that proves it's more than ready to stand on its own two feet.

From the first track, the door is flung wide open with an energetic romp that packs more style and variety into one song than one is often lucky to find in an entire album. As the album unfolds, one is taken on a journey that gives stylistic nods here and there while remaining independent and unique. It is quite simply an album that defies categorization. Experimental but with an acute pop sensibility, lyrics that run like poetry without the trappings of conventional verse-chorus-verse arrangements. Feverish in intensity but more of a playful fever than Carey Mercer's "I'm about to lose it" fever.

I guess it's too much to expect for any genre to produce great music across the board, and the fact that **Sunset Rubdown** is out there gives me hope that the indie bit still has room to grow. Now if we could just do away with the goddamn hipsters (we could lure them into a giant cage with a vinyl of "Thriller" and a vintage **Devo** shirt), we'd be getting somewhere.

Jack Prus

The Russian Futurists

Me, Myself & Rye

[Memphis Industries]

Adam Mattew Hart's indie-pop project has put out three albums that all contain a few stand out tracks. Unfortunately, the remainder of these albums tend to be made up of filler-ish material that makes the actual albums not really worth owning. Few bands are in need of a "Best of" as much as this band was. This compilation of the best tracks from previous albums is not for the devoted fan who already owns everything the Futurists have put out. There's nothing new for you here.

However, if you held out on previous Futurists endeavours, for aforementioned reasons or simply out of ignorance, this album is an excellent purchase. Taking the high points of previous albums, this compilation brings together the happy good times of synth-dripping indie-pop choirs that make Hart's music so notable. It cuts the fat of previous albums, strips the song choices down to the essentials and delivers pretty much everything you could want from the band.

This album is also an excellent entry point for you if you're unfamiliar with the band and have been convinced by favourable write-ups of their upbeat choral synth-pop. In fact, it's the only Russian Futurists album you need.

Jordie Sparkle

Octoberman

Run from Safety

[White Whales]

August hasn't felt like summer. It's been cold. It's been rainy. But there is a soundtrack to this – Octoberman's *Run From Safety*. It's mellow and laid back, with lapsteels and trumpets. There's a solid sound backing this album that makes it feel like an album: put together and thought out. It's the kind of music that pushes no boundaries and no buttons, hovering just under the melodramatic radar. It would make a good road album, driving through the middle provinces with big skies and fields of yellow.

PF

Joe Satriani

Surfing With the Alien

[Epic/Legacy]

This is the reissue of the Satriani's landmark 1987 disc. Disc one is the album we guitar and metal geeks all know and love and probably have memorized note for note, so I'll just skip over to commenting on Disc two, which is a DVD featuring previously unreleased footage of a July 1988 concert at the Montreux Jazz Festival back in the infancy of Satriani's career.

The first thing that comes to mind of course is a mix of nostalgia and shock that I ever thought guitar grimaces and spandex outfits like that were cool when I was 12. Oh well. The audio is fantastic, the video is as good as you can expect 1980s video to be (which is to say don't watch it full-screen if you have an iMac) and there are plenty of great close-ups for figuring out Satriani's techniques. (Not that it would do my stubby, clumsy fingers a damn bit of good or anything.) In addition to Satriani's spectacular playing, the DVD also includes a wonderful bass solo by Stu Hamm exhibiting incredibly fluid and melodic chops, every bit as outstanding as the big boss has.

The liner notes tell the tale of this show that almost didn't happen because of airline delays and previous bands jamming on without time limits. Slated to go on at midnight, Satch and company didn't hit the stage until 4 a.m. And whether it be exhaustion or bad taste, much of the crowd got up and walked out a few bars into the first song. Idiots – they didn't know what they were missing.

I also quite enjoyed the cinematography on the DVD and the angles used throughout as well as the bonus features' spoof interview with Nigel Tufnel of *Spinal Tap*. Hilarious.

Pyra Dracula

UGK

Underground Kingz

[Jive]

When I was in junior high, this was my shit. It's not that I dislike hip hop now. In fact, I still love it. But well into my mid-20s, I recognize that I am not and never will be a gangsta, hustla, playa, pimp, mack or straight thug. I'll never live in Compton, the 13034 (a.k.a. Shaolin), or the Fifth Ward. And, I've long since abandoned my aspirations to floss in a floored '64 Impala that rolls on Dayton's (in fact, I don't even like driving). While that doesn't prevent me from celebrating the fact that UGK is returning – after a six year hiatus – with one of a handful of hip-hop double albums that actually warrants its two-disc length, it does make me long for days when the release of *Underground Kingz* would have been an event of epic proportions to me.

In the 10th grade, I was friends with a guy named Dean whose parents, perhaps unwisely, let him live mostly alone in the other half of their duplex. What this meant was that

Dean's place was ground zero for two things: rap music and ingesting things that you weren't supposed to. It was Dean who introduced me to UGK via a mixtape entitled *Deepest, Downest South*.

At the time, the biggest thing in my world was the **Wu-Tang Clan**, but his compilation dropped the tricked-out funk and slowed-up rhymes into my ears for the first time. After listening to the tape at lunch, I immediately pedaled over to Dean's house where we turned on *Ridin' Dirty* (the duo's fourth full-length) and made an ill-advised attempt to "sip on some syrup," not realizing that over-the-counter cough suppressant was not an adequate replacement for the codeine-based syrup that's supposed to give the kick to "purple stuff."

It was the aforementioned memory that came flying back when I popped UGK's latest into my stereo for the first time. The beats and rhymes are still slow and thick, and Pimp C and Bun B still come correct on nearly every verse. While *Underground Kingz* might stand as their finest collection to date, the formula hasn't changed all that much. Despite all my reminiscing, however, there's nothing about the album that sounds stale. In fact, despite taking more than half a decade off, UGK doesn't have any catching up to do. Instead, in a rap world where names like **TI** and **Young Jeezy** are tops, it seems like the rest of the game has finally caught up to them.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to lace my work coffee cup with some Buckley's, so I can get my drunk on (to get my lean on).

Quinn Omori

Torngat

You Could Be

[alien8 recordings]

Along with the **Arcade Fire**, their cousins in instrument-switching pop, Torngat proves that band nerds can make it as indie rockers. Or that, in Quebec, musicianship is alive and well. With their full-length, *You Could Be*, these three Montreal multi-taskers have fashioned a breezy instrumental album that eschews the more theatrical tendencies of their post-rock coterie. But the lack of posturing refreshes: there's a purity and organic sounds that shine through with analog synths, Hammond growls and the acoustic horn echoes (and you can be sure that's a part of their ethos). At times, one is certainly glad that the soundscape is not tainted by vocals. Indeed, *You Could Be* remedies the depersonalized, often alienating, quality of the instrumental-only albums with rich and engaging arrangements. On the title track, the French horn dances and sings while, later, the seemingly superfluous ambience of "Mouton Noir" gives way to a crack of body-moving percussion that is primal in its affectivity – pre-language, inarticulate. After all, Torngat makes a safe bet: they don't want to come off as poetasters.

Joe Pooley

The Yardbirds

Live At BB King Blues Club

[Favoured Nations]

One has to question the point of the Yardbirds' reunion when their original vocalist is some 30 years deceased, and there's no hope in hell that any of the three lead guitarists (**Clapton**, **Beck**, and **Page**) who made the band legendary would reunite for anything more than a one-off gig. But Chris Dreja and Jim McCarty deserve some credit for piecing together a new combo that comes close to recreating the sound of the original lineup. A few of the old numbers, such as "Train Kept A-Rollin'" and "Shapes Of Things," compare favourably to the extant live Yardbirds recordings of the '60s I've heard, and at worst, other numbers such as "Heart Full Of Soul" veer into cover-band territory

by virtue of being just a little too slick in their execution. Bassist/vocalist John Iddes deserves mention for pulling off a spot-on **Keith Relf**, though.

Unfortunately, the concept unravels as the new Yardbirds (which I guess can't officially be called the New Yardbirds courtesy of the embryonic **Led Zeppelin**'s use of the name in 1968) trot out material from the reunion album, *Birdland*. Bearing in mind that most of the Yardbirds' best-known original material was not self-penned, McCarty does offer a glimpse of the old Yardbirds style with "Crying out for Love" and "Please Don't Tell Me 'Bout the News," but as the set progresses, the new material sounds less and less like the Yardbirds the fans came to see.

Ultimately, *Live At BB King Blues Club*, a CD packaging of their 2006 satellite radio broadcast, adds nothing to the Yardbirds' catalogue other than to prove that some of the members put the band back together and made an alright job of it. Not something I'd recommend spending your money on – unless you're a Yardbirds completist. **D**

Darren Gawle

WANTED:

Under Review Section Editor

The Under Review section editor is responsible for:

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- organizing materials submitted for review
- recruiting and organizing reviewers and coordinating section line-ups for each issue of *Discorder*
- primary edits of Under Review section copy to ensure it is clean and ready for next phase of production.

This is a moderate volunteer position which requires approximately a 10-20 hour commitment per issue.

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The editor is responsible for:

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- Collecting, organizing, editing and proofing all text copy submitted by contributors.
- Working closely with other *Discorder* staff to organize the production of every issue
- Recruit and organize volunteers.
- Communicate with record labels, publishers, and other industry contacts.
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If interested in either position, contact CTR's station manager, Lydia Masciola, at ctrmgr@ams.ubc.ca





flaming lips photo by michelle mayne



magnolia electric co. photo by taraelyn boyden

REAL LIVE ACTION

Animal Collective

Commodore Ballroom
September 15

With an Animal Collective show all you can expect is the unexpected. On stage, the group hardly follows some typical rock-show formula, where tours are simply used as promotional tool for new releases. Instead, Animal Collective likes to stay a step ahead, most often using the stage to explore new sounds and ideas for upcoming material—not those recently recorded in the studio. If you do hear familiar songs played live, the renditions are often so radically different from the studio versions that they're nearly unrecognizable. And while this journey into the unknown can be a gamble, in Vancouver, it paid off.

Animal Collective was in top form at the Commodore Ballroom as it delivered a tight and focused performance—one that proved the group has indeed moved up in the rock 'n' roll hierarchy. Minus Deakin (who, according to the merch guy, no longer tours), Panda Bear, Avery Tare and the Geologist laid down a set of a very electronic nature, similar to that heard on their latest album *Strawberry Jam* and, in a sense, their first, *Spirit They're Gone, Spirit They've Vanished*.

As poles of blinding lights flashed into concertgoers' retinas, a clamour of sound came from chaotic consoles of keys and wires. Groove-heavy rhythms beat out steadily from blinking high-tech machines. And vocals were screamed, uttered and whispered by a jumping and dancing Panda Bear. Despite the guitars remaining almost entirely dormant, they weren't missed. Like on *Strawberry Jam*, live, Animal Collective's new sample-based approach suited the band surprisingly well, with *Jam* songs such as "Unsolved Mysteries" and "Fireworks" packing more emotional punch than much of the band's older material.

Compared to Animal Collective's last two Vancouver performances, this one was much more uplifting and, for lack of a fancier word, fun. Unlike in the past, the band never got bogged down in instrumental wank-offs and taxing sonic experiments. Instead, it stuck to more song-orientated structures, giving the night a sort of twisted party vibe where movement was a natural reflex.

When the band left the stage, it was easy to feel that you had experienced something significant, as well as satisfying. Animal Collective has fully hit its stride and, at this point, shows few signs of slowing down.

Brock Thiessen

Magnolia Electric Co.

+ Joel RL Phelps & the Downer Trio

Richard's on Richards
August 31

Magnolia Electric Co.'s latest collection, *Sojourner*, is one of the most aptly titled releases in recent memory. Culled from four different recording sessions, the four-disc set of new and re-recorded material is a snapshot of the unsettled world of Jason Molina, whose prolificacy and dedication to craft must keep him very busy. The intimate bedroom Americana of Molina's previous incarnation *Songs: Ohia* has transitioned into bona fide country-rock, a development that fittingly dovetails with his adoption of the MEC moniker. *Sojourner*, then, is a summation of that transition as well as a gift to the fans that have stuck by him through it. Similarly, a MEC tour is less about reaching a new audience as it is playing for the tried and true fans, which Molina indeed did at his recent Vancouver show.

Also on the bill were Joel RL Phelps & the Downer Trio. Phelps draws from the same well of yearning Americana as Molina, but is a different animal—one that is much more punk in spirit and execution. The best pieces shifted between two extremes: pounding riffage, and Phelps's unaccompanied voice, which is fragile and parched in nature. The set was passionate and had some interesting dynamics, but it was quite short, feeling perfunctory because of the tight schedule of this early show. Plus, by the brutal mix, the sound guy may have been taking a siesta.

Not surprisingly, Magnolia Electric Co. was dependably good, if a bit rigid. This is a band that has honed its craft over countless gigs and it showed. They had synergy. They could lean back, close their eyes and flesh out the sound, and quite seamlessly at that. Molina sang well and guitarist Jason Evans Groth was a virtuoso, nailing all the *Young/Allman/Collins* inspired solos. I've Been Riding with the Ghost" rollicked, outdoing the studio version. A cover of Warren Zevon's "Excitable Boy" was gleefully delivered with a smirk and juxtaposed with the heavy-handed tone Molina is known for.

During the encore, *Ladyhawk's Darcy Hancock* was brought on stage for what was supposed to be a soulful guitar duel with Groth in an extended version of "Texas 71." It wasn't. In fact, whatever did transpire was mind-numbingly bad. Not a great ending, but it didn't mar what had come before.

Overall, other than the Ladyhawk mash-up, the performance was pretty good. If anything, the monotony of Molina's material was responsible for the dull spots, not any aspect of the performance. It was nice to see him in the flesh, however, and for devout fans, it was a real treat.

Mike Fodor

Spoon

+ Black Joe Lewis
Commodore Ballroom
September 15

Allow me to admit this right from the get-go: It took me a while to warm up to Spoon. For some reason, the band has flown quietly near my radar for almost the entirety of their 13-year existence, but I never took much time to listen or care. I always knew they were there, buzzing around with the occasional catchy tune like "The Way We Get By" or "I Turn My Camera On," but those highlights were never enough to maintain my fickle interest. I just found them to be kind of dull: decent songs but no real image or story to get behind. Kind of like *Wilco*: you want to like them, but they're really no different from those indifferent uncles of yours. My attitude suddenly changed, however, with the release of this year's *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga*—an album that takes all those previously pesky blah-blah's and swiftly turns them into hearty rah-rah's. It's just too bad that the record's same energy and thoughtfulness didn't go into Spoon's mediocre live show.

After an upbeat opening set from Austin's Black Joe Lewis, Britt Daniel and company (including former *Get Up Kid* Rob Pope) took the stage to a mid-sized roar from the sold-out room. Issuing tracks from the old and new, and peaking with the latest hit "The Underdog," Spoon played it pretty cool and detached for most of their set. The songs offered were done note for note—with the exception of a few pipped-out tracks from *Kill the Moonlight*—while the chit-chat and stage antics were kept to a minimum. And with the exception of a rather sweet exchange with a very recently newlywed couple, the show went by without much notable incident. While there wasn't really much to complain about, there was really no need for big cheers, either. Spoon is a great band, without a doubt, but it's about time they step things up to the next level.

O.J. Simpkins

Flaming Lips

Malkin Bowl
September 18

Following a dismal afternoon of September rain, the clouds parted on a chilled Malkin Bowl, nestled deep within the prehistoric trees of Stanley Park. Soon after, Wayne Coyne rolled out and over a congested audience in a giant hamster ball. Confetti flurried overhead, and purple smoke bombs flared. The Flaming Lips had taken the stage.

With globular balloons bouncing lazily off heads and ribbons catching in mouths, it was hard not to feel like a part of the refrain. More than almost any other band, the Flaming Lips' performances come the closest to visually matching their sound. To attend a Flaming Lips show is not just to see the band but to see the music. Between spacey psych-rock and synthetic circus-pop, the sound bounced around and never stayed in one place too long, sometimes soft and cloudy, sometimes larger than life, like the macro zoom of Coyne's face on a sparkly, pixelated digital backdrop.

The Lips dived out most of the gems from their latter work and dipped back into their catalog for one or two oldies, such as *Zaireeka's* "Riding to Work in the Year 2025." This smoky visual and sonic assault was also met with flanking armies of flashlight-waving Santas and aliens, dancing tirelessly on either side of the stage. Various additional bouncy toys were added to the mix, which all together had the senses working overtime.

By the time Coyne stood in the shivery cold asking the crowd, "Do you realize??" the stage was a giant ball of pollution, enveloped in a puffy cloud of exhaust of the night's events.

Michelle Mayne

REALITY
NOISE

Devendra Banhart

Commodore Ballroom

September 1

It's the first night of the tour, but instead of making a grand entrance, Devendra Banhart and his cohorts amble on stage and slowly begin with a relaxed set of gentle folk songs. Devendra sings in his not-so-unique Bolanesque butterfly-in-the-throat technique, and an aura-of-twilight contemplation is created. But no pulses are quickened—both out in the audience and on the stage.

This hairy band does a good approximation of a '70s folk-rock sound, with a democracy of shared vocal duties and songs; but for all the possibilities of seeing a version of *Santana/Free/T-Rex* in the 21st century (without having to even close your eyes), the collective's shambolic lack of focus is a constant letdown. Songs from the new album, *Smokey Rolls down Thunder Mountain*, are often paused halfway through with quips from Devendra, such as "This is a good bit." The over-familiar "Golden Brown" melody of "Seahorse" is cut in half by an interrupting guitar riff. And a bashful audience member is pulled on stage to awkwardly sing his own composition while the band happily slinks off stage.

Such a ramshackle performance may be charming in its own special way, but the band's start-stop inconsistency only further disintegrates its graceless momentum. The setlist, with its endless block of sedate down-tempo numbers and feeble attempts at animation, reinforces the notion that beyond the beards and the hair, this really is just a bunch of clumsy laid-back hippies. The real shame here is that Devendra has a lot more to him than a waistcoat and velvety voice. And there are hints of something greater locked beneath his cumbersome and recycled 40-year-old schtick, if it ever broke free from its hackneyed self-imposed restrictions.

Christian Martius

Chad Van Gaalen

+ Fond of Tigers, the Doers

Richard's On Richards

September 13

Chad VanGaalen is never touring again—or at least that's what he announced during his recent stop at Richard's on Richards.

The show began with the Doers, a Hüsker Dü-like punk trio with a twist: they play only acoustic guitars. Despite their energy, they didn't do it for a crowd awaiting the gentle tones of Mr. VanGaalen. Next up were Fond of Tigers, who played an eclectic set of mostly improvised instrumentals. Though their subtler moments were interesting, the band—which featured guitar, bass, fiddle, keyboards, trumpet and two drummers—had so much going on that most of it was unintelligible.

After a lengthy intermission, a guitar-wielding VanGaalen took the stage armed

with some drums, a bass and the harmonica around his neck. Consisting of largely new material, his set shied away from his electronic side and favoured his country-tinged rock tunes instead. Though VanGaalen seemed to be enjoying himself, he declared that touring was "miserable," and that he was "never going to go on tour again." What troubled him, it seemed, was the previous night's show, which was derailed after the band decided to open with the theme from *Ghostbusters*.

Later, when a fan shouted that Alberta missed him, VanGaalen, a native of Calgary, said that he likes Alberta "except for the nasty politics." VanGaalen then called **Stephen Harper** "a douche bag" who "looks like a pedophile."

After a solid set, the band was called back by the small crowd. Triumphant, VanGaalen led his band through a rousing rendition of "Ghostbusters," joyfully exorcising the previous night's failures. "Let me tell you something," he said. "Busting makes me feel good." Having conquered his difficulties, VanGaalen ended the show with the line, "I found you and I killed you," which left an eerie fulfillment in the air. Maybe he'll come back after all.

Ben Johnstone

Winning

+ Ghost House, Karen Foster,

Life Against Death

Pub 340

September 7

This night was to be my second encounter with Winning, my first taking place when they opened for the venerable *Blood Brothers* at Mesa Luna (RIP) back in '06. I was greeted with two major changes since last time: the replacement of *Primes'* Jack Duckworth with *The Red Light Sting's* Gregory Adams (joining other RLS alumni Andy Dixon and Paul Patko) and a move, however gradual, towards more conventional songwriting. Many songs still exude a harsh, corrosive jam-session-gone-wrong feeling. But "Weird Wit" and a few other tunes had cracks in their atonal shells that revealed melodies and constructions smoldering like hot embers underneath. I ask the members of Winning to widen the cracks and let the steam through. When they do, I'll be first in line to warm my hands.

What stands out about the Ghost House live experience is movement—not so much physical as musical: the fervour in the drums and bass, guitar parts that are always climbing or flitting around like fruit flies, and piano playing that alternately complements the other instruments and steers songs into different territory. It all brought back fond memories of *Cadeaux's* tremendous and spunky energy. Both bands are (or were, in *Cadeaux's* case) driven by a standout drummer who lends each song a special urgency. Exclaim! and the Straight are eating this stuff up, and you should too.

As for Karen Foster, they played some solid, punky hard rock. But I decided to retire my weary soul for the night midway through their performance, opting to miss *Life Against Death* for some well-needed shuteye. Until next time, Pub 340... **D**

Simon Foreman

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Strictly the dopest hits
of September 2007

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	New Pornographers*	Challengers	Last Gang/Matador
2	Caribou*	Andora	Merge
3	Jason Zupano*	In the Company of Ghosts	Catbird
4	The Doers*	Gaiety	Reluctant
5	Animal Collective	Peacebone	Domino
6	Turbonegro	Retrox	Cooking Vinyl
7	Bison*	Earthbound	Forest
8	Oskervill River	The Stage Names	Jagjaguwar
9	Liers	Liers	Mute
10	Spoon	Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga	Merge
11	Riff Randalls*	Doublecross	Dirtnap
12	Kinski	Down Below It's Chaos	Sub Pop
13	The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets*	The Shadow Out of Tim	Divine Industries
14	M.I.A.	Kala	Interscope
15	Winterrimts*	The Cascadia Fault	Independent
16	Various	Live at WVS	Independent
17	No Age	Weirdo Rippers	Fat Cat
18	Oakley Hall	I'll Follow You	Merge
19	Get Him Eat Him	Ams Down	Absolutely Kosher
20	Black Moth Super Rainbow	Dandelion Gum	Graveface
21	The Luyas*	Faker Death	Independent
22	We Are Wolves*	Total Magique	Dare to Care
23	Tornigat*	You Could Be	Alien 8
24	Architecture in Helsinki	Places Like This	Polyvinyl
25	1990s	Cookies	World's Fair

#	Artist	Album	Label
26	The Brunettes	Structure and Cosmetics	Sub Pop
27	Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings	100 Days, 100 Nights	Daptone
28	Square Root of Margaret*	Tetragram Photox	3 1/3
29	Various*	CBC Radio 3: Breaking New Sound	Storyboard
30	Madlib	Beat Konducta 3 & 4: In India	Stones Throw
31	Stereo Total	Paris-Berlin	Kill Rock Stars
32	Dirty Projectors	Rise Above	Kill Rock Stars
33	The Black Lips	Good Bad Not Evil	Vice
34	The Go! Team	Proof of Youth	Secret City
35	High On Fire	Death is the Communion	Relapse
36	Adrian Orange and Her Band	Adrian Orange and Her Band	K
37	Pinback	Autumn of the Seraphs	Touch & Go
38	The Weakerthens*	Reunion Tour	Anti-
39	Junior Senior	Hey Hey My My Yo Yo	Rykodisc
40	C.O.C.O.	Play Drums and Bass	K
41	Mono	Gone: A Collection of EPs 2000-2007	Human Highway
42	Angels of Light	We Are Him	Young God
43	Devendra Banhart	Smoke Rolls Down Thunder Canyon	XL
44	Jason Anderson	Tonight	ECA
45	Bettye Lavette	The Scene of the Crime	Anti-
46	Interpol	Our Love to Admire	Capitol
47	Zolar X	X Marks the Spot	Alternative Tentacles
48	The Cave Singers	Invitation Songs	Matador
49	Scottie's Cut and Paste Project*	Unplugged from the Matrix	Independent
50	Dragons	BTI	Ninja Tune

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6am		BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am	BBC						
8am		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	RACHEL'S SONG (REBROADCAST)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	
9am	TANA RADIO						THE SATURDAY EDGE
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	DEMOCRACY NOW	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...			ALTERNATIVE RADIO		
12pm		ALTERNATIVE RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS		GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW		GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	CIRO RADIO OKANAGAN REEL TO REAL	DEMOCRACY NOW			POWERCHORD
3pm		LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER FAST TRACK		INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
4pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	RE-BROADCAST	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRÉSENTS	CODE BLUE
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ			MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101 W.I.N.G.S.	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
6pm					PEDAL REVOLUTION		
7pm	QUEER FM	RADIO RADIO	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT	THE CANADIAN WAY	NASHA VOLNA
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU			EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SHADOW JUGGLERS
9pm	MONDO TRASHO		SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS			
10pm		THE JAZZ SHOW			LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SWEET AND HOT	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
11pm	TRANSCENDANCE		CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX		SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	
12am					LAUGH TRACKS		BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
1am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	PASSING BINARY
2am			AURAL TENTACLES				
3am							
4am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am
SHOOKSHOOKTA (World) 10-11am
KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm

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MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 9-10pm

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. **TRANSCENDANCE** (Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. **DISASTERPIECE THEATRE** (Talk) 12-2am
An odyssey into time and space in audio.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am
Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic) 11-12pm
A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle. **ALTERNATIVE RADIO** (Talk) 12-1pm
Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm
Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris. **LET'S GET BAKED w/ KAT & OWIE** (Eclectic) 3-4pm
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peck, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superfantasies and more. **NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS** (Talk) 4-5pm

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient without government or corporate funding.

EUROQUEST (Eclectic) 5-6pm
RADIO! RADIO! (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm (alt.)
KARASU (World) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am
Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-swave Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.

Oct 1: Tonight, a live concert from the Newport Jazz Festival with the great Canadian pianist Oscar Peterson and his Trio. Then the Trio is joined by 'Papa Joe' Jones (drums), Sonny Stitt (alto and tenor saxophone) and Roy 'Little Jazz' Eldridge (trumpet). Great cocktail sounds.

Oct 8: Some modern mainstream sounds with trumpeter Art Farmer and tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath and their band, recorded live at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Great music from this short-lived band. Oct 15: The dynamic sounds of one of the most swinging and exciting big bands, led by the great Canadian trumpet virtuoso Maynard Ferguson. Recorded at Birdland, that legendary New York club, before a real jazz audience.

Oct 22: The very underrated and underrecorded pianist/composer Walter Davis Jr. from his one and only album on Blue Note. Davis performs with alto saxophone master Jackie McLean, lyrical trumpeter Donald Byrd, bassist Sam Jones, and hard-driving

drummer Arthur Taylor, in a program of Davis' compositions. Oct 29: Tenor saxophonist Stan Getz headlines tonight in an album aptly titled *The Master*. Mr. Getz in rare form with a dynamic quartet, with pianist Albert Dailey, bassist Clint Houston, and creative drummer Billy Hart.

Only four tunes, but they allow Getz to really 'stretch out'.

TUESDAY

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am
All the best the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 8-9pm
(Rebroadcast from previous Wednesday, 5-6:30pm) Currently airing Necessary Voices lecture series.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourage that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

borinixityne@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm
GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 1-2pm
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

CIRO SYNDICATED (Talk) 2-2:30pm

Syndicated programming from Okanagan's CIRO. (Replaces Besner Rhyme)

REEL TO REAL (Talk) 2:30-3pm
Movie reviews and criticism.

CAREER FAST TRACK (Talk) 3-3:30pm

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French) 3:30-4:30pm

En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Franco-phonie musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports) 4:30-6pm

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore) 6-8pm

Up the punx, down the emo! Keep your head! It's real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World) 8-10pm
Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock) 10pm-12am
Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock 'n' roll debris. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic) 12-6am
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic) 8-10am
PLANET LOVETRON (Electronic) 10-11:30am
With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonics/mixmatch. Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy.
planetlovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise) 11:30am-1pm
Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk) 2-3pm
Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock) 3-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 5-6:30pm
AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
First Wednesday of every month. Alternates with:

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
FOLK OASIS (Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks?

Allergic to patchouli? C'mon into A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

JUICEBOX (Talk) 10-11pm
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your sexual curiosity for your life span!
www.juiceboxradio.com

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic) 8-10am
DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk) 10-11am
ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Eclectic) 11am-12pm
DUNCAN'S DONUTS (Eclectic) 12-1pm
Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic) 1-2pm
Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

INKSTUDS (Talk) 2-3pm
CRIMES & TREASURES (Hip Hop) 3-5pm
MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk) 5-6pm
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, underexposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).
myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca

Alternates with:

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk) 5-6pm
STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT (Rock) 6-7:30pm
Psychadelic, Garage, Freakbeat and Progressive music from 1965

to today: underground, above ground and homeground.

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental) 7:30-9pm
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music) 9-11pm
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk) 11pm-12am
RAW RADIO (Hip Hop) 12-2am

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic) 8-10am
SKA-TS SCENIC DRIVE (Ska) 10am-12pm
Email requests to: djska_e@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop) 12-2pm
Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic) 2-3:30pm
NARDWUJAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS (Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm
NEWS 101 (Talk) 5-5:30pm
W.I.N.G.S. (Eclectic) 5:30-6pm
THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
All types of Canadian independent music from all across our massive and talented country, with your host, Spike.
www.myspace.com/canadianway

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World) 7:30-9pm
David 'Love' Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.
www.africanrhythmsradio.com

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots) 8am-12pm
Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music

SWEET 'N' HOT (Jazz) 9-10:30pm
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B) 10:30pm-12am
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits, lost soul gems and contemporary artists recording in that classic soul style.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic) 12-2am
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS

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For an interview, please call
604-872-8212
Vancouver Rape Relief & Women's Shelter
www.rapereliefshelter.bc.ca

calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNihilation (Punk) 12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.
www.streetpunkradio.com
crashburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD (Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta lowdown slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World) 5-6pm
The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NASHA VOLNA (World) 6-7pm
SHADOW JUGGLERS 7-9PM (Dance/Electronic)
Shadow Jugglers works across musical genres including electronic and club-based music and welcomes you to broaden your musical knowledge with DJs MP, Socool, Soo & their guests. Travel through world sounds such as dub/reggae, hip hop, funk, dub-step/grime & jungle/drum and bass. Tune in and visit myspace/shadowjugglers.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic) 9-11pm
BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop) 11pm-1am
PASSING BINARY (Electronica) 1-3am



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ZULU ROLLS DOWN UNDER CANYON

This and other nuggets!

AKRON/FAMILY Love Is Simple CD

Through seemingly constant touring and regular work with Michael Gira's *Angels Of Light*, the urban tributes in Brooklyn's *Akron/Family* are a (mostly) bearded (always) busy bunch. Which is why it's hard to believe the waltz-worthy quartet's forthcoming *Love Is Simple* is just their second full-length release. No way that's possible... Let's recount: There's the self-titled debut. *Gira* backup band spot on *The Angels of Light Sing (Other People)*, and that, excellent split album with *Angels*—all of that appeared in 2005. Then there's 2006's mini-album *Meek Warrior*. Okay, all set... well, actually, they also lend one hell of a muster to *Angels*' recent *We Are Here*. The juke just doesn't let up, though, as *Love Is Simple* may be their most fully-realized effort to date, and, certainly, their folkier, with heavy nods to the incredible *String Band*, the Holy Modal Rounders, and even the *Beatles*. *Devendra* had toyed around with rootsy hippy utopianism, the lads unleash hot hybrid guitar solos and bellow organ swells while howling good old American love n' peace. Turn on, tune in, and buy this album.

CD \$16.98

THE CAVE SINGERS Invitation Songs CD

There are a lot of reasons to love *The Cave Singers*. Maybe it's that guitarist *Derek Fudese* played in *Pretty Girls Make Graves* and before that in the legendary *Murder City Devils*. Maybe they touch your soft spot because they're pals with local vets *Black Mountain* and *Lightning Dust*, and they recorded this album (their debut) here in Vancouver with *Della Stead*. More likely though, you'll dig them because they play folk music in a way that few artists (indie, trad, or otherwise) do these days. Singer *Peter Quirk*'s spine-tinglingly high and nasal voice sings straight out of *Harry Smith's Anthology of American Folk Music*, suffused with an Old World America that doesn't have anything to do with choice headbands or heavy drug consumption (though it wouldn't rule it out completely). Their music isn't pitchy or soft, hokey or pretentious; it's sparse, melodic, creepy, and alluring, like the wild west mourning parades in *Johnny Cash's Long Black Veil*. Step into this darkness. You might not want to come back.

CD \$16.98

BEIRUT The Flying Club Cup CD

After his debut album's fir-
cations with Balkan gypsies
made the youthful *Zach*
Canaan a runaway star, one might have expected him to keep barking his way up the *Neutral Milk Hotel* tree—a justifiable comparison considering that *NIHR's* drummer (and *A Hawk and a Hacksaw* main man) *Jeremy Barnes* played on the album. Much to our delighted surprise, however, *Canaan* is pulling a *Selena* and taking his muse on tour. For *The Flying Cup Club*, his inspiration is *Jacques Brel*, *George Gershwin*, and the traditional café music of Paris. If that wasn't tempting enough, *Canaan* and his posse struck a deal with *Final Fantasy/Arcoade Fire* *Dave Pallet* to record at the Fire's Mesonic Church studio if they played on a forthcoming *Pallet* E.P., so expect nothing less than massively beautiful string sections, scorching accordion, and a wine-sipping choir fit for the carnival, the circus, or the lovely Montmartre garbage. Is *Canaan* still only 21?

CD \$16.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL
OCTOBER 31, 2007

DEVENDRA BANHART Snokey Rolls Down Thunder Canyon CD

If a rolling stone gathers no moss, how about a rolling stone that's on its fifth full-length. The Bearded One rambles far and wide, but he doesn't go it alone. He's already got a faithful band of fellow travelers nestled deep within the fragrant furrows of his facial foliage, and he's opened his Topanga Canyon highway to a picaresque variety of genres and guest stars, including such diverse luminaries as *Vashti Bunyan*, *Gael García Bernal*, and *The Black Crowes*. *Chris Robinson*. The result is an even fuller and more classic-sounding album than *Cripple Creek*, replete with the perfumed tones of South American sambas, the organ-sprawled haze of *The Doors*, and some bone-toe-spontaneous stabs at *Blue* and reggae that prove that *Devendra* knows how to lean the broad. Tis a feat, my friends, conclusive proof that omnivorous rock-n-roll eclecticism is alive and well, and that *Banhart* is no mere flash in the pan, but a worthy heir to the likes of *Neil Young*. *Skip Spence*, and *Caetano Veloso*.

CD \$16.98

SUNSET RUBDOWN Random Spirit Lover CD

Whether it's as more of *Wolf Parade's* second heads, as the Son in *Swan Lake's* Holy Trinity of *Canadian Indie rock* (it's all going out on a limb to proclaim *Dan Bojar* the Father and *Carey Mercer* the Holy Ghost), or constructing sets for fantastic dramas with his own group, *Sunset Rubdown*, *Spencer Krug* has earned his place at the Last Supper of contemporary songwriters. Darker than his breakout album, *Random Spirit Lover* is a fever dream of silent-cinema smoke and mirrors, where beautes turn into beasts and take wing through the pages of a mythological melodrama. It's got sturm, it's got angst, it's got hair-raising haunted-house organs and a fog of crystallized guitars that sound like nothing else going. It's a blood-soaked costume ball where the host is as sincere as a suicide bomber with a glowing coil clasped between his teeth. Listen now, or you'll be gasping your teeth later.

CD \$16.98

BAND OF HORSES Cease To Begin CD

Released in March of 2006, *Band of Horses* debut *Everything All the Time* propelled the band from early shows opening for *Friends* *Ken & Wine*, to playing on *The Late Show* with *Dave Letterman* by a year, and being nominated as one of ten finalists (along with *Joanna Newsom*, *Beirut*, *Ten Wells*, and, the eventual winner, *Col Power*) for the Shortlist Music Prize for that same year. Though they worked with producer *Phil Ek* again for *Cease To Begin*, as they did on *Everything All the Time*, much has changed for *Band of Horses* between the fairly recent then and now. Band members have come and gone, including *Mat Brooke*, who left to pursue other interests and his own band and, close friends and family have come and gone some far too early. Necessarily shut through with changing members, the songs on *Cease To Begin* are strikingly beautiful, it's less ethereal and more straightforward, dealing with the reconciliation of attachment and detachment, the strength that's found through suffering, and the understanding that we are as significant as we are insignificant. It's also a great rock record.

CD \$16.98

JENS LEKMAN Night Falls Over Kortaleda CD

Sweden's Magnetic Mozz is back, and more heartbroken than ever! With pitch-perfect dry humour set to sample-based reinterpretations of doo-wop, A.M. radio, twee-pop, and even tear-stained disco, *Jens* gives us twelve variations on the timeless themes of kissing, memories, and remembering. Kisses past. Loosely themed as a farewell to the 'suburban hell' of his neighborhood in Gothenburg, Sweden, *Night Falls Over Kortaleda* isn't so much a departure from his past work as a fine-tuning. *Lekman's* deadpan style of singing, sunny melodies, and witty lovelorn lyrics are all still intact and 100%. *Jens* even has his vinyl-cracking arrangements span the baroque pop of *Scott Walker*, the upbeat rhythms and bright harmonies of Northern soul, and the beach-party disco of fellow Swedish artists *Air France*, *Stefano*, and the *Tough Alliance*. Along with wry, sometimes melancholic observations worthy of *Jonathan Richman*, these elements make for *Lekman's* best record. If you weren't captivated already, you better brace yourself.

CD \$16.98

THE FIERY FURNACES Widow City CD

To be quite honest, I'm at a bit of a loss to explain to you how incredibly awesome this album is. It begins description. I might as well just put on my dild and get going to make some tea, because there's nothing I can do to prepare you. You're going to put this album on, and, in mere moments, be reduced to a grimacing, all-drumming morose, trying to throw devil horns and put out your encyclopedia at the same time. I'll grant that you might be skeptical: this band often flies too close to the sun. Keep as they are to never do things the normal way, they occasionally sabotage perfectly good songs for no good reason. Rest assured, though, that *Widow City* is the perfect antidote of everything they've ever tried to do. *Melvin* plays every instrument except drums (handled by the colossal *Bonham*-esque talent of *Robert D'Amico*) and *Elleanor* proves once again that she's the toughest, coolest singer in rock music today as she narrates another set of bizarre adventures. This startling burst of an album is the musical equivalent of a Russian novel, and future anthropologists could do worse than regard it as the pinnacle of Western culture circa 2007.

CD \$16.98

THE WEAKERTHANS Reunion Tour CD

Below the *Weakerthans* debut, live vignettes are almost as familiar as Canadian cultural export as the *Trappist* *Hy*, though you're less likely to find them in your juke. CD player. The curiously-titled *Reunion Tour* (it's four years since the last album, but they never disbanded) finds the band in top form, once again crating the kind of lyrics that have earned them comparisons to strong masters like *Grace Paley* and *Raymond Carver*. Like *The Mountain Goats*, if they wrote songs about Olympic curling, or *Death Cab* back in their early days. *The Weakerthans* find ways to make the little things yield large truths. Recorded over the course of a winter week and a half in a Manitoba factory during its off hours, the album sounds warm, lush, and vigorous. Give these songs time and they'll flower in your head, sporting melodies based on lines like "where the radio resonates in Doppler traffic," itself inspired by an *Edward Hopper* painting, but you don't need to know any of that to dig it, of course.

CD \$16.98

SHARON JONES & THE DAP-KINGS 100 Days, 100 Nights CD

In the new millennium, soul has become big business again. But despite superficial re-issues from labels like Astralwerks and Light in the Attic, the resurgence of seasoned soul sisters like *Bettye LaVette*, and the volcanic popularity of new-soul crooners like *Amy Winehouse*, the champions of the new generation's purist strain are *Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings*. Jones has been turning in backup vocals for gospel, soul, disco and blues artists, most of it uncredited, since the '70s. In the '80s, her vintage sound was deemed unfashionable, so she returned to her roots in church singing and took a job as a corrections officer at Ryker's Island. In the late '90s, though, she was rediscovered and since then she's been taking her lived-in, sweat-blasted talent all over the globe, proving her reputation as the Queen of Funk. *100 Days, 100 Nights* is her third full-length with the *Dap-Kings*, and you can start "prouding" on Oct. 2nd.

CD \$16.98

BELLA No One Will Know CD

Well, summer's pretty much over now, but don't let those shorter days get you down. *Bella's* copy titled *Wint* debut *No One Will Know* will be in your hands, extending the blissful season with its dreamy, girl-boy-vocal vocals, synth hooks and punchy rhythms. If it have you reliving those sweet carefree weekends, practicing your dance-moves in your living room and wishing, hoping and bawling around for more. While recording *No One Will Know*, *Bella* called in their friends *Robb* *Bottum* and *Will Schwartz* (*Imperial Teen*) and *Jason Martin* (*Starflyer 55*) and joined forces with producer/understander *metemorphosis* *Bawa* *Carroll* of *JGDC* Studios (*Tegan and Sara*, *The New Pornographers*). The result is a sparkling *Mini Records* debut that channels its influences from a syntner time, but in a gorgeous, non-ironic kind of way.

CD \$14.98

FILL YOUR CANYONS WITH OUR GOLD

Taken By Trees - Open Field CD
Animal Collective - Strawberry Jam CD
Emma Pollock - Watch The Fireworks CD
Tim Gane & Sean O'Hagen - La Vie D'Artiste CD
Film School - Hideout CD
Federico Aubele - Panamerica CD
Damon & Naomi - Within these Walls CD
The Dead Kennedys - Milking The Sacred Cow CD
Enon - Grass Geysers... Carbon Clouds CD
Robert Pollard - Standard Garage
Decisions CD
Oakley Hall - I'll Follow You CD
Cass McCombs - Dropping The Writ CD
Sir Richard Bishop - Polytheistic Fragments CD
The Donnas - Bitchin' CD
Black Lips - Good Bad Not Evil CD

ZULU ART NEWS
World of
Favorites

by
Vanessa
Giddens
October 1-31

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